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MAY 5, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

GOLDWATER PICKING UP STEAM?
W. F. RICKENBACKER

THE VISION OF DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

AN EDITORIAL

END OF THE WHITE MAN IN AFRICA ?

ELSPETH HUXLEY
THOMAS MOLNAR

HOW INTOURIST TOOK ME IN

KENNETH SNOW

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THE TROUBLE WITH OUR FOREIGN POLICY, SAYS RICHARD ALLEN, IS THAT WE ARE EXTRAPOLATING THE ZIG ◆ HENRY HAZLITT DEPLORES THE HANDLING OF A MASTERPIECE ◆ ALSO BUCKLEY, KIRK, DE TOLEDANO

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Elspeth Huxley** reports on the heightening crisis in East Africa, where now that Uhuru has come, the people are wretched as before only more so, and on top of it, nubile objects of Communist lust, both Russian and Chinese. . . . On the day the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland ended, Professor **Thomas Molnar** was in Salisbury and spoke with Prime Minister Field, since deposed by the even tougher Ian Douglas Smith. Mr. Molnar reports on an interview with Mr. Field, who—remember—is the more moderate of the last two prime ministers. . . . **Kenneth Snow,** a Maine industrialist who having made his fortune is devoting himself to long, curious looks around the world, writes this time, hilariously, about a visit to the USSR. . . . And **Robert Peter,** so-called, checks in from Brazil.

➔ **James Burnham,** who is back after six peregrinating weeks, writes the final of three reports, from the road, and concludes that the American voter is preoccupied with buttered bread rather than abstractions. Mr. Burnham's *Suicide of the West,* ten days after publication date, has moved into a third printing. Within a few weeks 20,000 copies will be in print—and in advance of reviews from any of the major media, not counting a monumental stretch of opacity in the *Saturday Review.* . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** spent a day in Washington surveying developments in the Goldwater movement, and came back much encouraged, not to say elated. . . . And Mr. **Russell Kirk** reports on a marvelously useful analysis, recently published, of English readers and textbooks used in high school courses. Mr. Kirk, by the way, is flaunting yet another honorific. He has been given the annual award, honoring his books *Old House of Fear* and *The Surly Sullen Bell,* of the Count Dracula Society.

➔ **Ralph de Toledano** reviews two political books, one by the Washington correspondent Fletcher Knebel (who recently wrote in his syndicated column that NATIONAL REVIEW is "pretty spicy political reading—kind of the *Fanny Hill* of the right wing"), and one by the distinguished author, columnist, diplomat and raconteur, Henry J. Taylor. . . . **Richard V. Allen,** a most impressive young scholar associated with the Center for Strategic Studies at Georgetown, rejoices at the appearance of *The Realities of World Communism,* a first-rate compilation of useful essays. . . . **Farley Clinton,** a young journalist (*San Francisco Chronicle*) and essayist who has especially studied contemporary English literature, writes about the letters of Wyndham Lewis. . . . **Henry Hazlitt,** the noted economist, deplores the wretched performance of the Yale University Press in mangling the fifteenth anniversary edition of Ludwig von Mises' famous *Human Action.* . . . And **Francis Russell,** hard at work on a biography of Warren G. Harding, reviews a Russian (*My Name Is Ivan*) and two Swedish (*The Silence, The Doll*) films. ➔

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The WEEK

● TAX TAX, SPEND SPEND, ELECT ELECT DEPARTMENT (Presidential press conference division). Mr. Johnson: "Somehow or other, I do believe that the Democrats have the [economic] policy that is more likely to achieve better conditions for more people than our adversaries. I think the people recognize that and, recognizing it, I think they will express themselves along that line at the ballot box."

● The most recent school boycotts in Cleveland and Kansas City demonstrated that colored kids will jump at a chance to stay home from school for a day —and not a thing else. *De facto* equality: all kids love to stay home from school. But truancy *qua* protest seems no more able to meet the substantive questions of civil rights than do sit-ins, kneel-ins, lie-ins, stall-ins, drip-ins, smash-ins and riot-ins, and the other conceits of a revolutionary racist movement. The movement's methods have been invidious, divisive, hurtful; but even worse, follow from the essentially racist attitude that regards all things first in terms of black or white. School boycotts serve only to aggravate this attitude.

● A little more than two years ago the blue-ribbon Committee for Economic Development arranged for the publication of a report that advocated compulsory union membership. The National Right to Work Committee raised a notable storm, and other voices of freedom chimed in (see "CED: Tycoon Trap?" *NR*, Feb. 26, 1963). Although the great majority of CED's Trustees privately opposed compulsory unionism, not one of them would state his opinion publicly. In May 1962 the CED announced it would prepare another report. That report is now out ("Union Powers and Union Functions: Toward a Better Balance"). It explicitly endorses the principle of Right to Work: "Every worker should have the right to decide freely to belong or not to belong to a union." So now the record is straightened out, and our hat's off to Reed Larson of the Right to Work Committee. If it hadn't been for him, some 200 of the nation's loftiest business executives wouldn't have dared to express their opinion in public.

● U.S. aid to Castro was offered in 1960, according to an article in a recent *New Leader* by the writer and scholar Theodore Draper. Draper wonders why the offer has never been mentioned; the State Department wonders why Draper mentioned the offer. Draper says, further, that the one thing that may pull Castro through his present economic and political difficulties is continued acceptance of his regime by Washington.

● After the most disastrous week yet in the Vietnam fighting, with more than a thousand admitted government casualties (twenty-six of them American), Republican leaders in Congress demanded that the President bring "the whole brutal business out on the table and let the American people see it for what it is." Representative Charles Halleck quoted a letter from Captain Edwin G. Shank Jr., written just before his death last month in action: "They tell you people we're just in a training situation. But we're at war, we are doing the flying and fighting. We are losing. Morale is very bad." President Johnson, busy discussing disarmament with Premier Khrushchev, has not replied to the congressional questions.

● The Congolese Army has been engaged for months in trying to put down a Communist-led revolt by one of the late Patrice Lumumba's aides, Pierre Mulele, in Kwilu province. Another leftist revolt, this one headed by Gaston Soumialot, a Gizenga follower, erupted in the eastern province of Kivu a fortnight ago. There's been fighting in Bukavu and street riots in Léopoldville, plus several plots to assassinate Prime Minister Adoula and General Mobutu. What's the UN doing about this? According to the last report it is dropping thousands of leaflets in the Katangese jungle offering amnesty to any former Tshombe gendarme who will surrender his arms to the blue helmets.

● As Robert Moses, who is always right, said it would, the New York World's Fair of 1964-1965 opened on schedule at 9 AM, April 22. Okay, okay, so if you were there at 9 PM the night before you had to ask an obliging workman what those interesting-looking European buildings were (they are to be the Belgian village); you had to walk carefully to avoid being sodded down with the heavy squares of lawn just being planted. The flags of Lebanon, Liberia and Libya, to be sure, were flying respectively from flagpoles marked Liberia, Libya and Lebanon. No one seemed to have noticed that the shelves in Thailand's agricultural showcase separating sugar, from sorghum, from salt, from rice had collapsed, leaving what can only be described as a commodities goulash. "Intra-Global Movers" and "Dane and Murphy's," with assorted statuary and drapes, were holding up what looked like a captain's guard of the New York Sanitation Department. An electrician lying face down in a ganglion of wires in front of the raised, gilt-embossed words President John-

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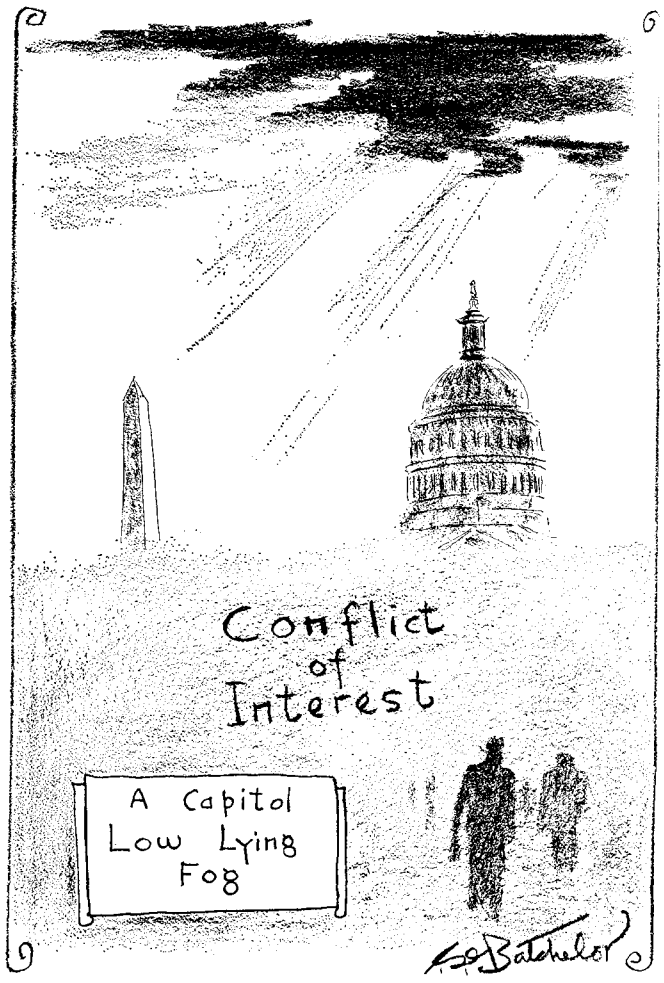
son was to speak fourteen hours later as he opened the Fair, remarked: "How the hell do I know" to what was obviously the umpteenth query on whether he had "got it." It was Dress Rehearsal Night for Robert Moses' billion-dollar production and tomorrow, the mounds of garbage removed, the streets hosed down, the litter cleared away, the Greatest Show on Earth would open right on schedule. May its run be long and happy.

● BLOCK THOSE HEADLINES DEP'T. The story, appearing on April 22: Senator Goldwater would come to Hartford the next day to speak at a $100-a-plate dinner to raise money for the Republican Party of Connecticut. The headline in the *Hartford Courant*:

GOP DEFICIT TO BE WIPED OUT
SCRANTON VISITS STATE SATURDAY

● Mr. Murray Kempton, writing in the April 11 issue of the *New Republic*, explains why the newspaper series that ran in *L'Express* and caused such a hubbub (thesis: that JFK was killed by a cabal of Dallas policemen and millionaires, preferably H. L. Hunt) is untenable. The author's theories "are a strain," says Mr. Kempton, even though "Thomas Buchanan is an honest man." The honest man in question, having previously been fired by the *Washington Star* for being a Communist (see *NR* April 7, 1964), says he quit the Party in 1956—not for lack of ideological sympathy, we are to suppose, but out of ennui. The most recent instalment in his series makes the thesis that Dwight Eisenhower is a Communist positively literal-minded; it is the mark of a perverse, or of a distorted mind. It is questionable whether the latter is the more charitable alternative.



● The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, cited by HUAC as a Communist front, recently placed a large fund appeal ad in the *Times*, signed by almost all who usually sign such ads, including Norman Redlich (one of the counsels to the Warren Commission investigating whether a Communist shot Kennedy), Victor Rabinowitz (frequently, and effectively, counsel for the Communist Party), Prof. Thomas I. Emerson and a bunch of other regulars (Clark Foreman, Russ Nixon, Mrs. Anne Braden, Benjamin Dreyfus, Rev. Stephen Fritchman, Fowler Harper, Frank Wilkinson, etc. etc. etc.).

● When a tourist asked a Bucharest policeman the other day what time it was, he replied, without looking at his watch: "Five minutes to nine." How did he know? Well, in the apartments across the way they were pulling shut the windows and drawing the curtains, which meant that they were getting ready to listen to the forbidden nine o'clock BBC evening news broadcast.

● WHERE COULD HE HAVE GOT THE IDEA, DIEM IT ALL? In a TV address taped for delivery just as he entered the hospital for an operation, President de Gaulle justified France's effort to build an independent nuclear force by stating that the United States is "an uncertain ally."

The Crossing of the Yalu

For thirteen years the publicists of the Left labored at their portrait of Douglas MacArthur as the Insubordinate Soldier, the stuff that fascists and military juntas are made of. There is a special irony in having it confirmed, through these spectacular revelations by Jim Lucas and Bob Considine, that in truth MacArthur's sense of professional duty was carried almost to a point of obsession. So far was he from "rebelling" against "lawful authority" that—even after retirement from active service—he permitted his loyalty to his commander to override what others might well have judged to be a controlling obligation to his country. The decision had been made, according to the code, by the Commander-in-Chief, and relayed by the Chief of Staff. Douglas MacArthur

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accepted the decision, according to the rules he lived by: in silence, without excuse, or pleading.

While he lived, then, Douglas MacArthur held to his silence about the basic dispute that led to his dismissal from the Korean command on April 11, 1951. But he made sure that no censorship or doctoring of official records would prevent its becoming known after his death had completed his tour of professional duty. In 1954, at the time of his 74th birthday, he gave the account to Jim Lucas of the Scripps Howard newspaper chain and Bob Considine of the Hearst press, whom, in Korea, he had come to know and to trust. The detailed memorandum Lucas wrote at that time, and Considine's report, now enter the historical record.

What MacArthur explained to Lucas and Considine—along with his interpretation of the causes of Washington's opposition—was the strategic plan that lay back of his famous aphorism: "In war there is no substitute for victory." What the plan demonstrates is that there was no military reason to accept a substitute. Victory was not only possible but virtually certain, if only our government had chosen to pursue it.

Like all brilliant strategic ideas, MacArthur's Korean proposal was simple in conception. In lives, time, and money, even for the short run, it would have cost less than the non-victory that was accepted in its place.

If the Chinese stayed out, the war (in November, 1950) was already won. If they came down across the Yalu, MacArthur proposed, a) to draw them south; b) to use 30 to 50 atom bombs to destroy the Yalu bridges and power plants and the Manchurian air supply bases; c) to land 400,000 Nationalist Chinese, stiffened by two divisions of U.S. Marines, at the two ends of the Yalu boundary, thus trapping the Red Chinese who, without any chance of getting food and supplies, would have been quickly compelled to surrender; d) to sow a five-mile belt of radioactive cobalt dust across the north boundary of Korea, sealing Korea off from China for half a century.

Since MacArthur put forward this plan as the foremost living military strategist, operating in the theater he had made his own for fifty years, we may assume that, translated into tactical operations, the plan was militarily feasible, as indeed it is on its face. But MacArthur was not at all limiting his thought to the small and secondary Korean peninsula. He saw that the Korean War was one of history's great divides. He knew that our action there was in all likelihood going to decide the fate of China, of Japan, of all Asia indeed, and thus very possibly of the world. He realized that his country and civilization, if they were to endure, would have to meet the challenge of the world revolution of our time. He judged that Korea presented us with an opportunity, not to be repeated in so favorable a form, to master the challenge if we were prepared to act resolutely. And he did not evade the subtler inner challenge from the awesomeness of our own creations: he was ready to use the appropriate means called for by the real situation, to launch the nuclear weapons that are in the last analysis a triumph of the science and technology integral to our own Western civilization—so that by renouncing their aid in extremity we renounce our own birthright. With what scorn he dismissed that perennial whine about "the risk of escalation"!—"Russia? [he told Considine] It makes me laugh when I recall the fears of the Truman-Acheson-Marshall-Bradley-General Staff group that Russia would commit its armies to a war in China's behalf at the end of an endless one-track railroad to a peninsular battleground that led only to the sea."

Victory in Korea would have meant the smashing of any threat from a Communized China for at least two generations, would perhaps have meant, by its consequences, an end to Communism in China, would

Flying High

News item. *William Bradford Huie's* The Hiroshima Pilot: The Case of Major Eatherly, *reveals Eatherly's story a hoax.*

Relax you protesters, your placards lay down,
I'll sing about Claude Eatherly;
He's the pilot who dropped the Hiróshima Bomb,
Renowned as a SANE tragedy. . .

When pacifists gather to march off their guilt,
They speak of this pilot's psychosis;
Each time (it develops) he thinks who he kilt,
He tacks on another neurosis . . .

He longs to be punished, to shed his complex,
But finds he's a national hero;
So he gets in the habit of passing large checks,
While his bank balance registers zero . . .

Sympathetic society won't put him in jail,
But sends him instead to head shrinkers;
And that is the end of Claude Eatherly's tale,
As empathized by all SANE thinkers . . .

One footnote: the story's a hoax from the start,
(See the new book by William B. Huie);
Claude was just a good con man and SANE a good mark,
And both deserve one good Bronx phooey.

—T.J.W.

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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ "Why Goldwater Is Gaining Ground"—the title of an article in the current issue of *U.S. News and World Report*... "Goldwater Dead, Eh?"—the title of an editorial in the *New York Daily News* . . . "In the next few weeks developments in the Barry Goldwater drive for the GOP Presidential nomination will produce solid evidence that he will go into the San Francisco convention within shooting distance of victory"—lead sentence in a dispatch from Washington columnist Ted Lewis . . . "A growing number of politicians believe Senator Goldwater will enter the Republican National Convention with enough strength either to win the Presidential nomination on the first ballot or to pick the winner"—lead in a dispatch by the prominent political reporter Joseph Loftus of the *New York Times* . . . "At the present time, there is too much tendency to write off Goldwater. Delegates nominate and Goldwater is very close to having the requisite number. If he wins in California, either he will be the candidate, or he will name him"—Nixon . . . "Mr. President, sir, Senator Goldwater said he was leading the pack for the Republican nomination. Do you think he will be the Republican nominee?" ". . . I think he will be up there pretty high." Had enough?

It's getting harder to express Goldwater's delegate strength in numerals, because numerals don't differentiate among delegates who are "committed," "firm," "favoring," or "leaning." Even so Goldwater strategists are now counting on 179, including only 33 from Illinois (though most observers credit Goldwater with about 54). Estimates of Goldwater's support on the first ballot vary from the conservative 435 at Goldwater HQ to a whopping 632 mentioned by President Johnson. Lodge at the moment has 14. All other GOP pretenders together have zero.

◆ In California, Rockefeller's tactics against Goldwater may boomerang. GOP professionals who fought in the bitter California primaries of 1958, 1960 and 1962 are convinced that the California GOP voters are fed up with suicidal primary campaigns. Rockefeller has been called a "rule-or-ruin" politician in other states, but in California that description, and the reality behind it, may seriously hurt the Rockefeller effort. If Goldwater strategists can sell the idea that a vote for Goldwater is a vote for party harmony in California, that may be the ball game.

◆ Briefs. An AP poll of Republican County chairmen, some 1,600 responding, showed Goldwater by far the favorite Presidential nominee (722 as against 301 for the next closest, Nixon), though it was more of a horse race when it came to predicting who would actually get the nomination (526 Nixon, 427 Goldwater and a whopping 223 now undecided) . . . The thirteen-state Midwest Federation of College Young Republicans elected James Blythe, a staunch Goldwaterite, as its new chairman on April 11, by a three-to-one margin . . . Edgar Eisenhower, brother of Dwight, has accepted the post of Honorary Chairman of the Washington State Goldwater for President Committee . . . A bipartisan Ohio Information Committee has reported a great increase in support for Bobby Kennedy as Johnson's running mate: 36 per cent, up from 25 per cent on December 13.

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certainly have meant a radical reduction in the world threat from Communist aggression and subversion. The rejection of the MacArthur strategy, the refusal to win in Korea, primed the Communist boast to all Asia, Africa, and Latin America that America had become a paper tiger.

You cannot invest in retrospect; it is impossible to go back to November 1950. But in truth—precisely because that war was not concluded, because the challenge was not faced—we are doomed, Sisyphus-like, to fight it over and over again: in Indochina, Tibet, Hungary, South Vietnam, Cuba, Cyprus, Zanzibar . . . and Nebraska, too, in due time. The challenge remains the same, though always more formidable, under its shifting geographical forms. MacArthur's answer, though always more difficult to give, is still the only answer, no matter how ardently the Fulbrights and Lippmanns strive to hide reality under their verbal gloss. There is no substitute for victory. And to victory, in the end, there is only the one alternative, of defeat.

All Right Then, Let's Nationalize the RR's

President Johnson brought off a major political coup, no doubt about it, in his "just and fair" settlement of the railroad dispute. He demonstrated again that he understands and can wield the full powers of the Presidential office with greater skill and agility than his predecessor, who failed the test in the spring of 1963 when he refused to stand up against the labor unions in the face of a Supreme Court decision upholding management. As we go to press the details of the settlement have not been made public. But it would appear that the unions have traded away a few thousand surplus jobs for major concessions on paid holidays, full crews, pay-scales based on mileage rather than on time, and other impediments to effective operation the roads insist they must have if they are to stay in business.

Some day, a President of the United States has got to come up with the courage to take the side of man

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agement on those occasions when management is clearly in the right. On the matter of the featherbedding question, management has time after time proved legally competent to carry out its program. The railway unions are the Caryl Chessman of union history—there never have been so many stays of execution. President Eisenhower appointed a board, and it ruled in favor of management; President Kennedy appointed a board, and it ruled in favor of management; then President Johnson appointed his board. It is a wonder that any self-respecting citizen would consent to serve on such a board, whose existence implies the incompetence or venality of the two preceding boards.

And while the Presidential boards were meeting, the unions and management were busy in court. Not less than three times federal courts upheld the right of management to change its work rules in such fashion as to eliminate unnecessary workers.

Time Magazine, commenting on the intercession of President Johnson on this last go-round, put its acid finger on the nub of the question. "I want all of you," Mr. Johnson had said to representatives of labor and management, "to recognize that we are in high focus throughout the world in the manner in which our free enterprise system works. Please give me this opportunity to show that our system of free enterprise can work." *Time* commented, "What Johnson failed to mention was that the Federal Government's thick thumb on the process of collective bargaining can hardly amount to free enterprise by anyone's standard."

We do not suppose there are a great many people around more opposed than we, for reasons historical, political, economic, and even spiritual, to the nationalization of industries. But we do believe that the time has come for the government to nationalize the railroads—*or* to permit them to function as privately managed enterprises. As it stands. the railroads cannot perform usefully and efficiently because everywhere they turn they run into government. It is important to understand that the problem of the paralyzing labor union is essentially the problem of government. It is government that immunized labor unions from the anti-monopoly laws. Under healthy conditions no cabal of union leaders could tie up the railroads from coast to coast, for the very simple reason that the courts could fine and imprison labor union leaders for conspiring monopolistically in restraint of trade; *i.e.*, could do to them what they can do, and should do, to big businessmen who dally together with monopoly in their eye. Every time the railroads seek to maneuver in response to the necessities of the immediate situation—whether to raise or lower the price of a ticket, decide what kind of linkage to use, what manner of truck to hire to load the freight—they need to turn to the Interstate Commerce Commission, a politically dominated federal agency, for permission—often withheld—to exercise their rights as management.

Mr. Johnson did not have enough courage to call for what the nation so desperately needs, namely the dissolution of labor union monopolies. Should he not then have done the logical thing: which is to call for legislation to take over the railways? If the goverment is going to maintain a system under which free enterprise is for all intents impossible, then let it take over the responsibility of management and proceed to socialize. But that would not be good politics, and politics is what Mr. Johnson knows best.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE ABSENTEE CANDIDATE
by Ralph de Toledano

TO CASTRO WITH LOVE
by Charles Fenyvesi and Jorge Tallet

John T. Flynn, RIP

From the public standpoint, this obituary might have been written almost ten years ago, for it was about then that John Flynn began the series of illnesses that incapacitated him, physically and intellectually: and the attention span of a community for its polemicists is very, very short. There are tens of millions of Americans who do not recognize his name, and the ghoulish *Who's Who*, after carrying his name for over thirty years, dropped it in the current edition (what does it take to earn tenure in *Who's Who*?). But in his day he was quite a scourge, was John T. Flynn, who got under the hide of Franklin Roosevelt probably more than any other man in the country, excepting possibly Westbrook Pegler. And at that, Flynn's reputation—as a superb newspaperman (he rose from reporter to managing editor of the *N.Y. Globe* in one year), as a professionally competent economist (he lectured at the New School for Social Research), as a searing book writer (*God's Gold, Men of Wealth*)—was created, yes, by his own talents, but with the aid of the noisy claque of domestic Liberalism. He was thought of as a man of the Left, an anti-business muckracker who had the honor of a regular column in the *New Republic*.

What turned him were the excesses of the New Deal, and the demagogic pomposities of FDR, whom he satirized in *Country Squire in the White House* (1940). Roosevelt retaliated by personally spearheading a (largely successful) boycott of Flynn, under the pretense that the war effort demanded his silencing. Flynn very nearly starved to death during

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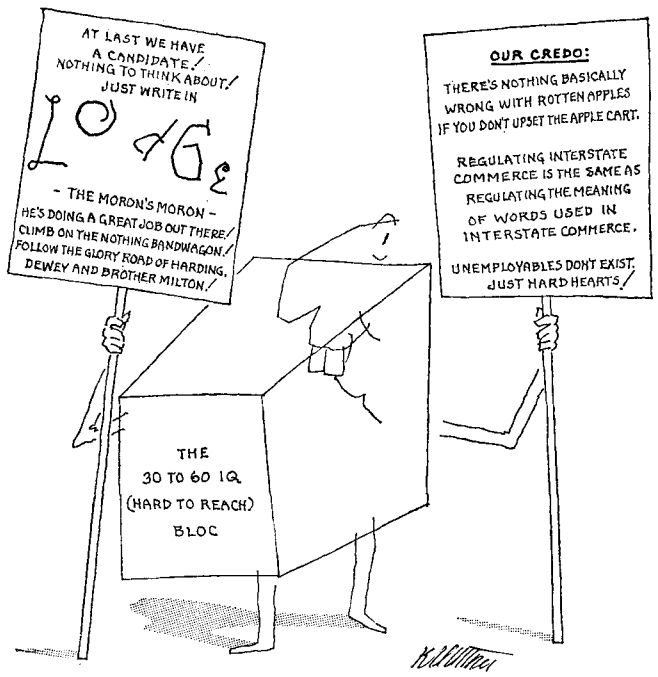
the war, but bounced back immediately after it with one of the first exposés on Pearl Harbor (he was the first man to deduce that the United States had broken the Japanese code, and that therefore U.S. authorities knew that an attack on Pearl Harbor was impending). He followed it by a crusher on Franklin Roosevelt—*The Roosevelt Myth,* a devastating work of acute iconoclasm, which continues to sell thousands of copies per year to all those who have an instinctive hunger for liberation from the Hyde Park saga. (One recalls the passage in which Flynn recounted how Raymond Moley, stuck with a highly technical problem at the London Economic Conference in 1933, consorted with the finest British financial minds and wired a proposed agreement to Roosevelt. "The President was on his holiday on the *Amberjack,* stuck somewhere in a heavy fog off Campobello. There a destroyer got to him with the message. With him were Morgenthau and Louis Howe. It would have been perhaps impossible to find three men whose total knowledge of international exchange and currency problems and monetary theory was so thin . . . In London everybody awaited Roosevelt's approval. From out of the fog over the sea came the President's reply into the fog over the London Conference. The proposed agreement was rejected . . . the bombshell ended the Conference.")

Mr. Flynn was a distinguished member of that literate breed of publicists who, more effectively than any other class of men, endeavor to keep straight the ways of the mighty—and to make the public affairs of the nation a source not only of pain, but of pleasure.

Notes and Asides

Our former colleague and continuing contributor, Mr. Brent Bozell, is running for the Republican congressional nomination in one of the hottest races in the country. There presumes to live in the same congressional district with Mr. Bozell a Republican so Liberal that he ranked 175th (out of 177) in leftward irregularity as a member of Congress during the last session. Only Congressmen John Lindsay and Seymour Halpern have voted more often with the Democrats than Mr. Charles Mathias, whose efforts have won him the explicit endorsement of Nelson Rockefeller. Mr. Bozell, whose close association with Senator Goldwater is well-known, is running on a platform that stresses a) local government and voluntary as distinguished from compulsory integration; b) the necessity to prosecute vigorously the Cold War against the Communists; and c) the need for a constitutional amendment to restore the right of the public schools to incorporate voluntary


AT LAST WE HAVE A CANDIDATE./ NOTHING TO THINK ABOUT./ JUST WRITE IN
LOAGE
- THE MORON'S MORON - HE'S DOING A GREAT JOB OUT THERE./ CLIMB ON THE NOTHING BANDWAGON./ FOLLOW THE GLORY ROAD OF HARDING, DEWEY AND BROTHER MILTON./
OUR CREDO:
THERE'S NOTHING BASICALLY WRONG WITH ROTTEN APPLES IF YOU DON'T UPSET THE APPLE CART.
REGULATING INTERSTATE COMMERCE IS THE SAME AS REGULATING THE MEANING OF WORDS USED IN INTERSTATE COMMERCE.
UNEMPLOYABLES DON'T EXIST, JUST HARD HEARTS./
THE 30 TO 60 IQ (HARD TO REACH) BLOC

"Our group is also thoroughly familiar with international affairs. You should see how worked up we get over the Berlitz Wall, the Neutralization of Vat 69 and the Castrotion of Cuba!"

prayer into their daily proceedings. Mr. Mathias has of course denounced Mr. Bozell as an extremist, but so far has declined the opportunity to show him up as such in public debate, it being rather widely known that only men who veer to extreme recklessness enter into public debate with Mr. Bozell. The odds, of course, are always with the incumbent, but the urbane Mr. Mathias is much shaken by the action of the Republican majority on the Montgomery County Council, representing over one-half the voters in the district, who have declared for Bozell on the grounds that they would prefer to be represented by a Republican who votes like a Republican, and are happy to have the opportunity to advance a candidate of Mr. Bozell's quality. The race is being watched like a hawk by the hawk-eyed *Washington Post,* which writes about the entry of Mr. Bozell into politics as though it had suddenly seen Birnam wood moving towards Dunsinane . . . If you desire to become involved in this important and exhilarating campaign, write or wire BOZELL FOR CONGRESS, 8110 Wisconsin Avenue, Bethesda, Maryland. Primary Day is May 19.

We welcome enthusiastically the formation of the Conservative Book Club, under the direction of Mr. Neil McCaffrey, a gentleman with whom the editors and publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW have had many dealings, professional and personal, for almost as many years as NATIONAL REVIEW is old. The venture is not fly-by-night, but profoundly conceived, and

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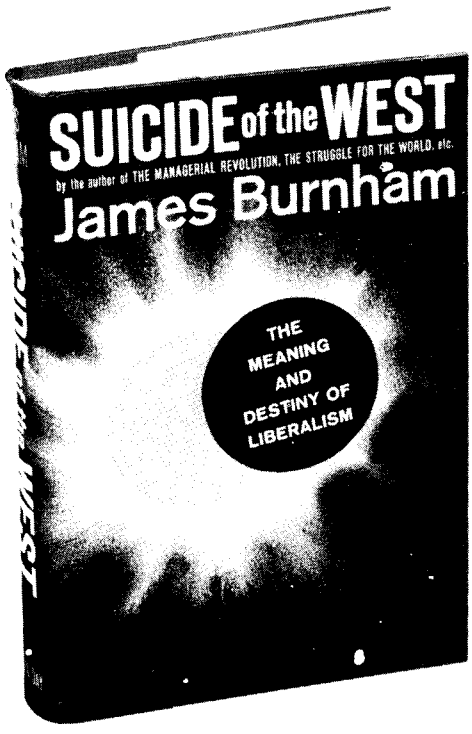
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meticulously organized: and has as its object, of course, an increase in the circulation of good literature—both fiction and non-fiction. The Consultants of the Club include James Burnham, John Chamberlain, General Mark Clark, John Dos Passos, Henry Hazlitt, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Russell Kirk, Sir Arnold Lunn, Frank Meyer, Ralph de Toledano, and Ernest van den Haag, to mention only a few. Books will be offered to members at Mad Man Muntz discounts, ranging from 20 to 50 per cent. For details, write to the Conservative Book Club, 542 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York.

On the Right

A Counterrevolt?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Two-thirds of the white population of Kansas City, the figures show, voted against what is roughly the equivalent of the Civil Rights Bill pending in Congress. The measure carried just the same, as the result of a successful drive to register Negroes who went on to vote overwhelmingly in favor of the measure. Since there are not as many Negro voters in most other parts of the country as there are in Kansas City, the adverse vote by the great majority of the white population seems to carry greater political weight for the country at large than the technical victory scored by the winning side.

Buckley

This news came hard on the heels of the extraordinary showing by Governor George Wallace in Wisconsin. An underpublicized feature of the situation is that Wisconsin has for many years now had its own version of the Civil Rights Bill. In Wisconsin it is illegal to discriminate against Negroes in education or in jobs or in public accommodations. What happened, under the circumstances, is extraordinary: the outburst of sentiment against coercive integration cannot be narrowly construed (as it would have been if a Southern state had been polled) as purely self-serving. It is rare when a state expresses itself ardently against a proposed measure which, if passed, would have no discernible effect on the state itself. Yet this exactly is what happened. What does it mean?

One should begin by disposing of formalistic objections to the true meaning of the vote. Sure, as President Johnson put it, "25% of the people of Wisconsin voted for Wallace, but after all 75% voted against Wallace"—ergo, the vote is three to one for civil rights. That is polemical chicanery. Most voters, in most situations, vote for the obvious man; and Governor Reynolds, as stand-in for President Lyndon Johnson, was the obvious man, for whom the typical Democrat will vote unless the hypnotist asks him to do something that goes deep against his moral nature.

Consider the special factors: a) President Johnson put direct pressure on the Wisconsin voters to give him an overwhelming mandate; b) the Negro population in Wisconsin is very small (in the vicinity of 2% to 3%), suggesting the absence of any sense of personal pressure exerted by a burgeoning Negro population; c) Catholic hierarchs in heavily Catholic Wisconsin mounted a vigorous campaign to equate a vote for Wallace with flirtation with the devil; and finally and enormously important, d) George Wallace has a very mean national reputation, about like that of Orval Faubus; so that a vote in favor of him required an act of considerable decisiveness.

As we have frequently said, there is no reason at all to assume an essential difference in the dispositions of white Northerners and white Southerners, so that attempts to justify America by suggesting that we need only excrete the poisonous South from our otherwise healthy circulation are synthetic and illusory.

What happened in Wisconsin is a warning against the currently fashionable notion, distilled primarily in the laboratories of social science, in the endogamous schools of our academic elite, that the way out of our current problems is through the Congress of the United States. Congress has only to pass one new Civil Rights law every other year to reorder the arrangements among the races according to a multiracial paradigm. It would not happen that way; neither in Mississippi nor in Wisconsin.

What the white North is awakening to is the danger to individual liberty of the new and radical plans breaking up traditional American patterns for racial assimilation and conciliation. For reasons that seem less and less coincidental, the proposals tend to be backed most conspicuously by a segment of the community which is far gone in a commitment to state socialism; which despises the American way of life and our civilization; whose poets, like James Baldwin and Bayard Rustin, challenge root and branch the American approach to a free civil order. One does not have to defend the individual white person's treatment of the individual Negro to understand why the individual white voter in Wisconsin, who may never in his life have done an injustice to a Negro, feels resentful toward the ideological minority who, to use an idiomatic term solemnly, are trying to make a federal case out of inter-racial relationships. They want nothing to do with the business, and we, as white men, don't blame them, and wish that we might succeed in convincingly saying that we do not believe that we, as Negroes, would want what the radicals want.

We decline, in short, to denounce as racists the quarter million Wisconsinites who voted for Wallace since we do not believe that is what they are.

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From WASHINGTON Straight

On Wisconsin?

► The May 19 primary in Maryland is beginning to excite the interest of Washington's press and politics. It will decide whether the big vote Governor George Wallace received in Wisconsin was just another protest by Wisconsin's maverick voters or whether it has significance nationally. The civil rights lobby here in Washington was not overly worried and, in fact, confidently anticipated a repudiation of Wallace in Wisconsin. But Wallace polled more than 260,000 votes.

It was hard to explain away a quarter of a million votes for the segregationist George Wallace in a state which has enacted a far more stringent public accommodations law than the controversial Title II of the bill now before the Senate. The fact is: the Wallace vote signaled genuine discontent—in both parties—with the form the civil rights movement is taking.

Maryland will confirm or explode this interpretation. Wallace was known to the Wisconsin electorate as a) a Southerner, b) a segregationist and c) an opponent, personally and philosophically, of the late President Kennedy. In Maryland, a, b, and c will not constitute such a liability. In Wisconsin, racial friction is practically nonexistent, the Negro minority tiny. In Maryland, racial friction is a constant social fact which has resulted in violence several times in recent years. Maryland has its rural red-neck past and, in Baltimore, the very real racial problems of a large Southern city.

Wallace moves into the state next week with the assurance he gained in Wisconsin, a polished delivery and, for the first time, a modest campaign fund. He will campaign specifically in areas where he is strong locally (*e.g.*, the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake Bay); spend his money on statewide television spots (he is a remarkably adept television performer); and strive to keep the total vote low.

Wallace's opponent will be Maryland's Democratic Senator Daniel Brewster, who is already campaigning hard for the "cause of justice, the cause of the Democratic Party, and the cause of the President of the United States."

Brewster's starter, a network television debate with Wallace on the civil rights bill, was a mistake. Brewster, who poses as one of the bill's chief architects, "rushed from the Senate floor" to participate in the debate. Wallace had gone over the bill carefully with legal counsel and won easily, dispelling the flaccid generalities thrown up by Brewster.

Senator Brewster has the money and the machine—both now bolstered by the national Administration. He will win. But the question is, by how much? If Wallace gets one-third of the vote, it will be a stunning protest against the Revolution of 1964, for it cannot possibly be construed as a personal triumph for the Alabama segregationist, or a personal repudiation of Maryland's popular junior senator.

The Wheat-Cotton-Food-Stamp Bill

► Congress is shaken from another exposure to the Johnson Treatment. The Food Stamp Bill and the Cotton-Wheat Bill were brought to the House floor simultaneously last week. Neither stood a chance alone, but city votes for the stamp plan were traded for rural votes for the farm bill in a ragged thirteen-hour session. Both measures were passed after an Administration all-or-nothing ultimatum.

Although it had sat in the House hopper for many months, the Food Stamp Bill suddenly became the "guts" of the War on Poverty to keep the city votes in line. The bill establishes a nationwide welfare program for the distribution of food through regular retail outlets to families judged eligible by local welfare agencies. It is the first national welfare program to be completely financed by federal funds. When fully expanded, it will cost $2.5 billion annually.

The Cotton-Wheat Bill was rammed through on a gag rule which prohibited amendment and limited debate to one hour. The cotton section of the bill had been passed by the House last year with two important states' rights amendments (the McIntyre and Jones amendments). These amendments were stricken by the Senate, transforming the bill into just another "temporary" subsidy for the cotton industry. The Senate tacked on its version of the wheat bill and returned the omnibus bill to the House. House members were called on for their "ayes" and "nays." The wheat bill was, therefore, never considered in detail by either the wheat subcommittee of the House Agriculture Committee or the House as a whole. It is essentially the two-price certificate system overwhelmingly rejected by the farmers in last May's referendum.

Not by Bread Alone

► Information made available here this week has put the Soviet wheat deal of Christmas Eve in sharper perspective. The current Soviet agricultural report lists total domestic bread and cereal requirements for the coming year at 32.9 million tons of cereal grains. The Soviet Union's collective farm system will produce, by their own downward-adjusted estimates, 35.8 milion tons. The Soviets now claim a contingency wheat stockpile of eight million tons. Where is the wheat shortage? asks Rep. Richard Roudebush (R., Ind.).

One answer may be the recent development by Soviet scientist S.W. Lebedjiw of a process for the conversion of wheat into ethyl alcohol. Eight tons of wheat produce one ton of industrial ethyl alcohol; Soviet planners demand 800,000 tons of alcohol this year. Ethyl alcohol, incidentally, is used in the production of propellant fluids, liquid hydrogen, poisonous gases, TNT and atomic bombs.

—CATO

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What Are the Issues?

Bread, Butter and Abstractions

JAMES BURNHAM

Bolivar, Tenn.

Observing it along 8,000 roadside miles no one will doubt that the American economy is presently booming. The boom is right there before your eyes: in the miles-long strips that are pure visual essence of the age of the automobile; the thousands of new homes almost everywhere; the trailer-trucks piled with more cars to spin out more strips; the jammed parking lots alongside the elegant one-story factories; the interstate highways leveling cities, farms and mountains in their relentless wake; the myriad new motels into which the cars scuttle at sundown.

In all the boom, no industry is more briskly booming than Retirement. There has never been anything comparable to the class of the Retired now forming in this country. In the pre-antibiotic past most people died before they were old; if they did live long and stay healthy, they usually kept working because they had to or wanted to; if they grew to be old and sick, they fell into a rocking chair by the hearth of the larger family. But nowadays, when we all live forever, we're not allowed to work after sixty-five, and on an increasing proportion of jobs twenty years is considered a full stint.

The Retireds

Millions and more millions of couples, widows and widowers, varyingly buoyed by social security payments plus pensions from corporations or union plus personal savings, are afloat as independent economic units. They are all over the land, rolling down the interstates in Continentals or the new piggyback travel-homes mounted on pickup trucks, unlatching the doors of millions of new ranch-styles, planting a few flowers around the immobilized Mobile Homes. It is an enormous market, this class of the Retired, and a rich mass of voters. In the Santa Cruz valley-desert south of Tucson, the Maxon brothers are opening a $100 million community for the Retired, complete with everything anyone has ever dreamed of; Cherokee Village, deep in the Ozarks, is on nearly as large and spectacular a scale.

The relative weight of the Retired is sure to increase in our political equilibrium from here on out. They have more time than the rest of the citizens for reading and talking, and for juggling ideas about politics. But they seldom lose sight of a few fundamentals: reliable social security (whencesoever derived); medicare (however provided); recreation (in a broad sense that includes sports, games, tourism, TV, "culture") to fill the idled hours.

Bread and Butter

Practical politicians have always insisted that national elections in this country are decided by bread-and-butter issues. The contents of the several hundred local newspapers I looked at during six weeks' wandering seem, on the whole, to bear them out. Ideology, general ideas of almost any sort, do not seem to have sunk very deep among the mass of the population; they are an academic and big-city growth. The journals of the smaller cities publish, pro forma, a smattering of the ideological columns and press service dispatches, and the editor may sound off vigorously in his own favorite abstractions. But as you read the uncanned locally written copy, you find that most of it is concerned very non-abstractly with the area's bread-and-butter problems. The acts or non-acts of Congress, White House and Commission translate into the price of grain or beef, the effect of Japanese imports on sales of the local electronics firms, the cost of transport or electric power.

My first glance at the front page of the Amarillo, Texas, paper suggests a lofty handling of defense strategy. Fuller reading proved that the topics were in reality the fiscal outlook for several Texas enterprises—the rising space center at Houston; the General Dynamics plant developing the F-111 at Dallas. When it comes down to cases, the ideological differences tend to blur. The very conservative Phoenix paper wants the local Sperry plant to get those Pentagon contracts and the local farms to get more water for irrigation, just as the rather Liberal Tucson paper wants the Hughes plant to get the Pentagon contracts and the Pima County cotton fields to get the water.

The head of the local Chamber of Commerce will denounce Big Government and socialism as eloquently as the next man. But "government" doesn't present itself, in the concrete, as simply as "socialism." The nearby air base is a $50 million a year customer for the town's stores, services and labor. The defense budget, under our curious system, is a gigantic, dynamic market for fiercely competitive *private* enterprise. Taxes provide the $6 billion of agricultural subsidy, but individual farmers and farm corporations raise the crops and reap the profits. The Retirement communities get government loans and top rebates, but private contractors build them and private developers find ways of wangling plenty of profits from their contagious spread. Schools, textbooks and school furnishings . . . well, whoever floats the bonds, there are plenty of dollars for a man to make putting up the buildings and supplying all those fittings.

I think the practical politicians are right about the natural American tendency. The cynicism of the voters counterbalances the demagogy of the politicians. Granted the democratic postulate, the politician, demagogue or not, is in a difficult tangle. Bidding for votes, as he cannot avoid doing, he must either, a) promise to pass around more buttered bread than his rival; or b) persuasively prove that his rival's program promising heaps of buttered bread right now may mean half an unbuttered loaf later on; c) assert that some things—freedom, perhaps, lawful order, the nation's survival—take precedence over bread and butter. The b) will always seem rather academic; and it may be that only an actual catastrophe can make c) sound convincing.

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African Affairs

The Road to Johannesburg

ELSPETH HUXLEY

Be patient, Sir Alec told the Nigerians; don't shoot the pianist, we're doing our best to settle Southern Rhodesia. The Nigerians were reported to be puzzled. No wonder: counselling patience on racial issues to nationalists is like advising a hungry man not to let his stomach rumble.

Elspeth Huxley

Southern Rhodesia's future has become a major issue, and if it hadn't been for Cyprus would have rocked the United Nations by now. Like Cyprus, it offers the world a problem for which there is no just solution, apart from human tolerance and goodwill, as much to be looked for as an oyster-bed in the Sahara. Both sides are right, neither will yield because they cannot and, with an election looming, poor Sir Alec is supposed to find a way out.

When the Federation of Nyasaland and Rhodesia broke up on December 31, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia joined the procession of African states clocking in at the door of the United Nations to freedom, African democracy and budgetary deficiency.

The third partner, Southern Rhodesia, has been self-governing since 1923. With its own constitution, laws, parliament, cabinet, prime minister, army and air force, London representation, trade agreements and all the rest, for forty years it has been to all intents and purposes an independent nation. During that forty years, its people have built up the most viable, vigorous and prosperous country in Africa north of Dr. Verwoerd's Republic and south of President Nasser's. Rhodesia has consistently balanced its budget, expanded its social services, kept the peace, educated most of its people, exported meat, minerals and tobacco, and diversified its economy. Now its electorate ask for a formal recognition that will put it on the same footing as its former partners, or as states such as, say, Zanzibar, with a tiny population, virtually no economy and an enormous budgetary deficit.

There is, of course, a snag: the electorate making these demands is almost wholly white. Under a complex system of qualified votes, a few thousand blacks are enfranchised; under a new constitution, fifteen seats in a parliament of sixty are reserved for Africans; in fifteen years, African voters should be in a majority. Fifteen years in modern Africa seems like a couple of centuries in any other age. With freedom bustin' out all over, free Africans can tolerate no suggestion, however winsomely made by Sir Alec, that their 3.5 to 4 million brothers dwelling between the Limpopo and the Zambesi rivers should be denied rights now enjoyed by everyone between the Zambesi and the Mediterranean: and all for the sake of a quarter of a million white colonialists. Their case, too, is unanswerable. Like patriotism, patience isn't enough.

Alliance for Freedom

The most significant event in Africa in 1963 was the formation of the Organization of African Unity to which all the independent states belong. Its offices are in Addis Ababa, its greatest success to date has been to stop a border war between Algeria and Morocco and the foreign ministers of its member states have held useful discussions about trade, currency and the like. The members pay into a central fund to finance the training in methods of guerrilla warfare of freedom-fighters who are to obliterate remaining "pockets of colonialism" in Angola, Mozambique and Southern Rhodesia. This activity is directed by a Liberation Committee, commonly known as the Committee of Nine, with headquarters in Dar es Salaam, whose chairman is Tanganyika's Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Oscar Kambona.

Much has been written, but little is known, about the training camps maintained by this Committee, or assisted by it, in Algeria and the Congo, probably in Ghana and, more recently, in Tanganyika. Young Africans are also training in the Cuban camps run by Castro's government primarily to man revolutionary movements in Latin America, but open now to freedom-fighters from the Afro-Asian territories. A shipload of Algerians arms has been observed unloading at Dar es Salaam, and a consignment of Czech and Russian weapons, destined for rebels against Adoula's central government in the war-torn Kwilu province of the Congo, was intercepted at Brazzaville.

To train guerrillas is much easier than to arm them. Many weapons can, of course, be home-made. Others are coming from Algeria's Ben Bella, a doughty champion in the revolutionary cause and hitherto closely aligned with China. But recently Russia promised a loan of over $100 millions whereas China cannot manage more than about a third of this sum. Mao's anxiety to help, spur on and ultimately control revolutionary movements exceeds his country's ability to do so. For some time he lacked a point of entry, but now he has close links with Guinea in the west and, in the east, with Zanzibar.

Recently there has been a significant stepping up of Chinese penetration. Embassies already opened in most of the northerly states—the UAR, Tunisia, Morocco, Sudan, Algeria and Mali—and in Ghana and Guinea, have been followed by others in the newer states of Kenya, Tanganyika, Zanzibar, Uganda and Somalia. (Cameroun and the Malagasy Republic have refused to allow them in.)

The main difference between Peking and Moscow insofar as Africa is concerned seems to lie in their attitude towards open, bloody revolution. China is all for it. To Mao and his men, revolution is not an unpleasant necessity, it is a positive good—a purge, a blood-bath, a means of tempering the steel of leadership.

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There is, to them, a *moral* value in revolution. Everywhere in Africa where possibilities exist, China is backing overt revolution—lately in Algeria and Cameroun, now in the Congo and Angola, tomorrow in Rhodesia and South Africa.

But revolutions, in the Chinese view, should not be directed merely against the few remaining white, colonialist regimes. It is African governments who are now their main target—any government, black or white, that isn't Communist in sympathy, and that is ready to play ball with the West. It is now the "reformist" regimes that must go: regimes such as those of Nyerere in Tanganyika, Adoula in the Congo, Ahidjo in Cameroun, Houphouët-Boigny in the Ivory Coast, Senghor in Senegal, Kenyatta in Kenya, Obote in Uganda, Abubakar Tafewa Balewa in Nigeria —almost any regime, in fact, you like to mention, save those in Ghana, Guinea, Mali, Algeria, Sanoba (which isn't pro-Communist at all) and Zanzibar.

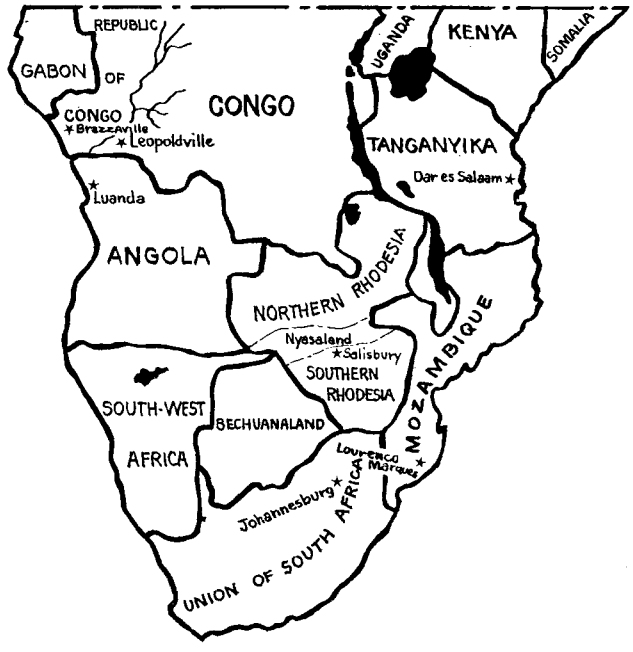
Such are tomorrow's targets, as some African leaders are beginning to see or to suspect. Hence their decision to limit the size of foreign missions—a ratio of ten diplomats per embassy is normal; hence their protestations about non-alignment; hence their anxiety to avoid any open commitment to the West that might increase the restiveness of their citizens already disillusioned with uhuru, frustrated by poverty, jaundiced by corruption and often unemployed. The leaders of these "reformist" regimes walk a tightrope and it is their heads, not those of Western politicians, that will roll if the ever-watchful Communists get a chance to take over.

By contrast the Russians appear almost conservative and correct. They have not most recently engaged in active revolt, although in the long run their methods, more deep and subtle, may prove no less destructive to the interests of the West. Their desire to underwrite, finance and manipulate the small, non-viable states appears to have wilted. Instead they are buying up likely politicians, supplying technicians, digging in, biding their time. Above all, they are collecting students to train professionally and, at the same time, indoctrinate.

Recalcitrant Students

This has not gone at all smoothly. Serious student trouble has broken out in Moscow, Prague and Bucharest. It was, I think, M. Senghor's crack that students who go to Russia return as capitalists and those who go to the United States as dedicated Communists. But even if a lot of students return from Communist colleges in disillusioned frames of mind, some there must be to whom indoctrination sticks, and others will have been influenced, perhaps without their realizing it, by the Communist outlook. This can be a subtle influence and may not become manifest for some years.

If the USSR seems to have lost interest in the non-viable states, its eyes are firmly fixed on the true prize—Dr. Verwoerd's Republic, the only part of the continent that is a going concern and whose control would be an asset, not a liability. Hence (to come back to our starting-point) the importance of Southern Rhodesia. The Republic of South Africa at present has a *cordon sanitaire* around it controlled by white rulers impervious to Communism. So long as they retain control, Communism will be suppressed as it is —ruthlessly—in South Africa. If these regimes are replaced by African nationalists, one or the other of the Communist giants will certainly make a bid to take them over, and will very likely succeed. Then the road to Johannesburg, with its gold and riches, will lie wide open.



Today, that road beckons through Luanda, Lourenço Marques and Salisbury. Hence the guerrillas under training for revolt and sabotage in Angola, Mozambique and Rhodesia, or already infiltrated there; hence active Communist support for the underground organization Poqo, the militant wing of the African National Congress in South Africa. Poqo is said to muster at least 150,000 members despite their root-and-branch pursuit by Dr. Verwoerd's police and judiciary. Such are the big stakes played for by the big timers in today's Africa.

So white Rhodesia lies between the hammer and the anvil. If its new leader Ian Douglas Smith, who took over from Winston Field last week, and his party grab what they want and believe themselves entitled to, their full independence, they will be pounded to bits by a host of Afro-Asian states self-righteously backed by all the Western nations, headed by the United States, hoping to curry favor with the Afro-Asian bloc. Sanctions, boycotts, ostracism and internal violence will be less risks than certainties; open intervention by the Organization of African Unity, perhaps with outside backing, a possibility. If they give way to British, American and UN pressure to "come to terms" with African nationalists, only one thing can happen, as it has happened everywhere else — one-man-one-vote, the triumph of African nationalism and the political obliteration of the whites who have sunk their fortunes in Rhodesia, have nowhere else to go and have built up the economy. Then this can only topple, or at best be severely maimed. To make matters worse, the nationalist movement inside Rhodesia is split down the middle between rival parties. Unless and until this bitter

(Continued on p. 357)

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Special Report

Death of the Federation

THOMAS MOLNAR

Just last week, after three months of fruitless independence negotiations with Great Britain, Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister Winston Field was forced to resign in favor of the more radical Ian Douglas Smith, who suggests that if Southern Rhodesia cannot achieve a "negotiated independence" it may be driven "to do something else." Thomas Molnar, who was in Africa at the time of the dissolution of the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, was able to interview both Mr. Field and Sir Roy Welensky, who had headed the Federation, and gives us their estimate of things to come.

Salisbury

On January 2, two days after the New Year had brought an end to the ten-year-old Federation of Rhodesia, I found myself driving through a downpour to Inyanga, Southern Rhodesia, where I was invited to lunch by the Prime Minister, Winston Field. Southern Rhodesia, the third partner of the Federation that included the soon to be independent countries of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, has not yet been granted independence. The British have been holding out until Salisbury enacts a more "democratic" constitution—which would mean that the country's 220,000 whites and sizable Indian minority would be outvoted by three million black Africans.

Moderate Concessions

From the Fields' cottage, set on a beautiful mountain site, one can see Portuguese Mozambique. That rainy afternoon in January it seemed clear that the Prime Minister's faith in the future of his territory was based on the survival, amid burgeoning chaos, of a few such islands of order and prosperity. When the political and economic difficulties of the new African states finally prove insurmountable, he frankly believes, then the U.S. and Great Britain will reverse the catastrophic policy they now pursue, and the colonial legacy will be vindicated. "Our economic plans," he said, "are models of Western-type progress, and race relations are constantly improving. More and more land is opened for cultivation thanks to dams like the Karuba and Kyle and ten others now in the planning stages." But the time of independence cannot be anticipated, and the white man must not be rushed into ruinous concessions.

Among the concessions that must be made, however, if the politically moderate black majority is not to be stampeded by nationalist extremists, are elimination or modification of those discriminatory practices that favor the white man in wage scales and land purchases. These concessions will be made in time, Mr. Field believes. If independence were granted tomorrow (as, I was told, Mennen Williams wishes), not only would the current rate of progress towards equality falter, but the black majority would very likely be plunged into bloody internecine warfare. Before the white man came to this land, the warlike Zulu Matabele tribe had kept the far more numerous Mashona enslaved or on the run. The Matabele have warned the authorities of the reprisals they would suffer if the government were to be turned over to their enemies.

I asked Mr. Field if he thought growing African nationalism, backed by both Moscow and Peking, would eventually spark a war against Southern Rhodesia, South Africa and the Portuguese provinces. The situation of Southern Rhodesia is particularly delicate since access to the oceans, and hence her trade, depends on the ports of South Africa, Angola and Mozambique. But Mr. Field thought the African states incapable of launching an attack, even under the protective guise (*vide* Katanga) of UN intervention. Besides, he said, the United States would never endorse such an operation.

In this Mr. Field was perhaps reflecting the illusory hope of many whites in sub-Saharan Africa that the U.S., pressed by mounting demands on her financial resources, will one day wake up and withdraw unconditional support of the General Assembly. One of the few men who do not share this view is Sir Roy Welensky.

With the breakup of the Federation, Welensky's post as Federal Prime Minister was abolished. Understandably, although he is completing a book of memoirs entitled *4000 Days: the Birth, Life and Death of the Federation,* he prefers not to comment on the political future of Southern Rhodesia, of which he is now a private citizen. However, he is convinced that the blacks and whites of the African subcontinent could work out their joint destinies if only they were left alone to do so. In his opinion, the Federation, of which he was the "father," offered the best solution, a model of cooperation among the races.

Welensky is a big solid block of a man who charms one with anecdotes of a long and colorful career. Unlike foreign experts who carry "the perfect solution" in their briefcases, his knowledge of this part of the world is profound. "Forty years ago I walked the streets of this city barefoot," he says. His Polish Jewish father had come here from the U.S. (Welensky visited America last fall, and returned with impressions of a growing bitterness between whites and Negroes.) Wishful thinking is not for him. There will be a war, he thinks, perhaps as soon as this summer. So thick is the flow of armament from Red China into East Africa, that an offensive could be launched against the Portuguese provinces, with or without the blessings of the UN. The wings of the subcontinent would be clipped.

Would the United States support the attack? In Washington Welensky, an outspoken man, had raised this very question. He never did get an answer.

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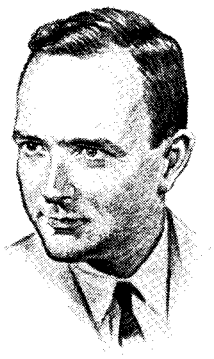
A Visit to GHQ

Looking Up

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Washington, D. C. The Goldwater campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination is slightly past midpoint, much has happened and much more is in the offing. In Washington the practical politicians are hard at work at the national headquarters of the Goldwater for President Committee, 1101 Connecticut Avenue NW.



Rickenbacker

The staff are young for the most part, poised, able and of good humor. All told there are seventy of them, including 21 top officials. The officials come from all over: five (including, naturally enough, some of Goldwater's closest aides) from Arizona; the sixteen others from Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, Washington, Connecticut, Ohio, Indiana, New Jersey, California, Alabama, and Wisconsin.

Campaign Funds

They feel a definite pinch on campaign funds, which aren't coming in fast enough to finance the kind of campaign they'd like to run, but the pattern of donations to date does show a promising trend towards support from all sections of the country. Since the Senator announced his candidacy, the money has come 24 per cent from the South, 24 per cent from the Southwest, 25 per cent from the Northeast, 15 per cent from the Midwest, 3 per cent from the Mountain States, and 9 per cent from the Far West (excluding the substantial funds raised in California and held and spent there in the California primary). Small donations come in by the thousands each week, with the bulk of the cash coming from larger individual givers.

And there are other indications that the Goldwater campaign, far from being merely sectarian or ideological, is emphatically a Republican campaign. The state chairmen of the Goldwater for President Committee are an honor roll of Republican regulars. They include, in the 45 states organized so far, twelve present or former Republican senators, representatives, or state legislators; three former Republican state finance chairmen; six present or former Republican state chairmen; one former governor, one present governor, one mayor, all Republicans; one Eisenhower sub-cabinet appointee (not to mention regional finance director George Humphrey, Eisenhower's Treasury Secretary); and almost all the rest are well known in their home states as long-time Republican workers.

Goldwater's campaign managers contend that this is only natural, because the Republican Party is moving inexorably towards a conservative position and would have done so (though more slowly) had there never been a Goldwater. As the heft of population and industry move away from the Northeast, the structure and substance of the Republican Party are inevitably changing. Since 1960 there has been a 45 per cent turnover in the members of the Republican National Committee; also since 1960, a full 75 per cent turnover in Republican state chairmen. The statistics are of interest because they show a higher turnover than normal, and because the new people are generally young, and conservative.

In the Congress there are about 90 Republican representatives and ten Republican senators who are working for Goldwater, in one way or another, from out-and-out campaign speeches at Goldwater rallies to quiet observation and maneuver deep in the heart of Congress. The House group is informally coordinated by Rep. Jack Westland (R., Wash.) and the Senate group by Sen. Carl Curtis (R., Neb.). One of their most important functions is holding regular meetings with Goldwater to discuss policy issues, political strategy, and to exercise the kind of frank give-and-take that welds a group into a team. The Goldwater congressmen represent a whole flock of states, from coast to coast.

Considering the geographical spread of Goldwater's financial support, the personnel in his organization down to the local level, the alterations within the Republican Party, and the congressional team backing him, the Goldwater campaign is a genuine national Republican effort.

Shift in Tactics

New Hampshire was a shock, but an instructive one. The Goldwater strategists have decided on a fundamental shift in campaign tactics: from now on they'll put much more emphasis on radio and television. Short radio spots, film tapes or informal interviews with the Senator, film reprints of his major network appearances—these are being introduced, along with experimental use of paid ads in newspapers. The idea is to overcome the great handicap of the Establishment press, which insists on distorting if not quashing the Goldwater news. (It's getting harder, for example, to find Goldwater news in the Texas press.) Position papers on twenty-three issues are available from headquarters in pamphlet form; initial requests are for more than a million copies.

When even the anti-Goldwater journalists grudgingly concede that Goldwater remains the front-runner with more than 500 delegates already visible, the achievement of Barry Goldwater in plain political terms is obvious. But in broader terms his achievement may one day rank him as one of the most creative politicians in our history. For he has accelerated the conservative Republican renaissance. He is slowly destroying the Madison Avenue habit and refreshing American politicking with his unflinching honesty and brave candor. But perhaps his highest service has been to open up the great unmentionable questions for public debate once more, to move both major parties and the American electorate towards a review of their prevailing assumptions.

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How Intourist Took Me In

Mother Russia is not, say these glances and cold stares from a traveler's notebook, an empire to be taken as seriously as it takes itself . . .

KENNETH SNOW

RUSSIA. Intourist promised the red carpet treatment, and on the first day in Moscow I fell down a whole flight of stairs on one. (The maid had forgotten to put down the carpet rods.) But I was here. That's bad enough.

"A Hearty Welcome Awaits you in the USSR"—Intourist pamphlet. However, "No photographs within sixteen miles of a border, or of schools, government offices, seaports, radio beacons, trains, railroads, people in service uniform, farms, telephone stations, from aircraft or bridges." *Visiting the USSR* warns: it is prohibited to bring into the USSR—Soviet currency, USSR Government Bonds, annulled securities, foreign and Soviet lottery tickets; live doves; printed matter, negatives, photographs, gramophone records, films, manuscripts, drawings, etc. harmful to the Soviet Union. You can't take live doves out either.

In order to enter Russia, one must take Intourist's deluxe plan, at $35 a day, or $30 for the off-season. The itinerary is arranged to the minute, and can't be altered in the least without permission from Moscow. For his money the tourist is entitled to meals, lodging, a guide for six hours a day, and the use of a car for three hours a day. That's what Intourist says, so help me.

A favorite conversation-opener among Americans, one finds on arriving, is comparing the excuses Intourist guides give for not working. For example, "would you mind if I took the afternoon off, I've got to go to the beauty parlor and will have to wait in line." Or there might be no excuse at all, as when one of my guides in Moscow simply disappeared for two days. When she got back, she could barely stand up, and allowed that she'd slept too long the night before. But she forgot herself to complain later that her friends were still going strong at a party celebrating the Revolution.

Intourist runs the entire tourist setup—hotels, restaurants, autos and guides—and the tourist must marvel at how efficiently the various elements of Intourist conspire to keep him from seeing anything: for the specific case, the day I tried to visit Lenin's clandestine printing shop, my guide told me it was closed for repairs. I found out later it wasn't; she just hadn't wanted to go. For the general case, I was not permitted to visit any factory in Moscow, although I'd heard one could do so, for the asking, if it were of a non-security nature. I first tried to visit the Mikoyan ice cream plant, and was refused. Then I asked to see an electrical turbine factory. "Do you manufacture turbines?" "Every day," I said, and was refused. The same for fish canneries and everything else I suggested. My Swiss acquaintance and I had nothing else to do but return to the Metropole (all the hotels behind the Iron Curtain are called the Metropole) and sulk about the high price of ice cream (25¢ for a cone filled just to the edge).

Despite Intourist, the city has its attractions.

You must see Lubyanka Prison. It occupies a square block; with its ornate balconies and polished marble sills it is more attractive outside than any of Moscow's hotels. (I suspect inside, too.) But don't appeal your 25-year sentence (the maximum under Soviet law); you can be re-sentenced on the same count.

The housing plan, in theory, allows one person nine square meters of living space. One is astonished to find the forest of TV antennas, not because of the widespread use of television (an invaluable ideological tool, after all), but because it reveals in what intense *compression* the people live.

Russian patience in queues surpasses even the British. Many times I tried to photograph the queues waiting to buy the most tired fruit, or milk (bring your own container), but each time I was warned not to.

The fashion shows do not exhibit purchasable clothes. One must buy the pattern and make them at home.

IN BULGARIA the latest thing in washers is a Russian model consisting of a steel barrel with a rotor in the bottom, and a six-inch wringer (cost: $125). The same model sells for a third of the price in Russia, where it is long obsolete—but don't imagine they unload obsolete merchandise on the satellites for huge profits.

As nearly as I could learn, the last American movie to make any impression on the public was one featuring Deanna Durbin. My Leningrad guide (remember her, you'll meet her again) undertook to explain this by insisting that "of course America doesn't produce any great actors or actresses." I brought up the names or Bette Davis, Helen Hayes, etc. but she had never heard of them.

I'd supposed it impossible to see bad ballet in Russia, but one evening, when Intourist mixed up the tickets, I attended a sort of variety show

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instead of the graduation of the Moscow ballet school I'd planned to see. Between poetry and Puccini there were ballet sequences; in one adagio the man managed to heave the ballerina up over his head, but lost his balance and down she whomped, akimbo, revealing an incongruous garment of "Woolworth pink" under her white tulle. When she later almost fell down, the audience snickered and the entire front row, I among them, walked out.

Russian pop orchestras are especially pleasing to tourist-aged Americans. The singers are often excellent and the bands red hot, if you care to reminisce with "Juke Box Saturday Night," "La Paloma" or "Blue Moon."

It's at the dinner table that one can savor the true Russian. Where else can you watch a man put his finger in his mouth up to the second joint, unconcernedly processing a stringy piece of chicken from under his stainless steel bridge, without raising a glance of disapproval? Khrushchev, by the way, has gold dental work.

A private table is unheard of. I remember too well one fellow at my table with his shy country wife, who sucked his teeth for twenty minutes after the meat course to express authority.

They break every rule but the Arabian sustained belch—perhaps it hasn't been brought to their attention. Soup is invariably spooned in while the mouth is held two inches over the plate. (Incidentally, my Intourist guides in both Budapest and Prague mentioned the "typically American custom of putting one's feet on the table.")

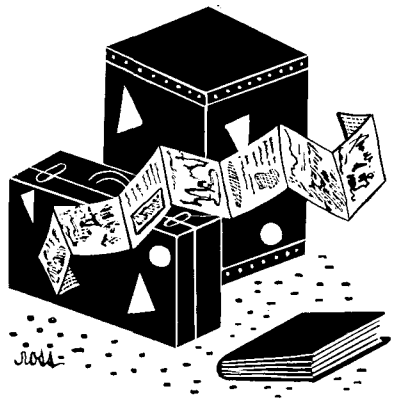
My Leningrad guide (yes, the one to remember) was consoling about poor service in restaurants. When Russians eat out, she explained, they are enjoying themselves and do not wish to be hurried. I didn't enjoy myself the night I waited more than an hour for my meal to be served—it never did come and eventually I had to leave for the theater.

Try to be efficient: order your whole meal at once; I did. Perhaps you too will have cake for your first course.

If you are a late diner and find yourself among the last patrons, they put the lights out on you. Twice in the Metropole in Moscow I drank my coffee in the dark. In Tashkent, they turned out the lights in the middle of my meat course and I couldn't finish.

When I complained to a guide about a rude waitress, she explained that "in your country she would be fired, but here she knows she will not lose her job. This assurance is a satisfaction to her."

At the Leningradskaya Hotel in Moscow I passed my meal coupon book to the waiter and he stole several coupons. I made him return them.



Intourist gave him hell. When this hotel made up a lunch for me to take on the train to Leningrad—being an ulcer patient I must have bland food, I told them—I found when I opened the lunch seven granite-hard green apples and a raw fish sandwich on moldy bread. It was so comical I liberated a silver tea holder to remember the occasion.

There seem to be more Negroes now in Moscow and Leningrad than there were at the time of my last visit, but far fewer Chinese. During my previous trip I was sitting in an Intourist office smoking a cigar when two American Negroes approached and stood over me disapprovingly. "Look at the disgusting capitalist with his cigar," one said, so I blew him a silent smoke ring and suppressed the urge to say back, "All right, no integration for you!" I was joking of course, but the Russians take their discrimination seriously. I watched a Somali student get the "Beat it, scum" routine in an Intourist restaurant. He told me he was often asked to leave the Intourist places and go to low-class cafés. With a Negro friend in Moscow I was unable even to get a taxi; he apologized for it . . .

Some of the problems of communicating even with the guides might become clear from these finely representative phrases I culled from a Russian book called *Conversational English*: "She is a weak characterless girl, full of bourgeois prejudices" "Farewell, my own" "Most awfully sorry, old boy" "I can't forgive him this. I demand satisfaction" "Nightmares ride me every night" "It thunders. It lightens" "You got out of bed backwards. We had high words. Claws in!" "You started it. Now take your medicine" "I am astonished to discover what a bundle of motives you are" "What can I say to you to soften the harsh word 'no'?" "But me no buts. Just let me at him. I will tear him to pieces" "You have invented a plausible lie" "I wonder why she gets her ears back when she sees me?" But me no buts, they're for real.

WHEN I was last in Russia, Intourist guides were placidly spreading the word that conditions in pre-1917 Russia were so primitive that the peasants just outside Moscow used square wheels. The idea behind this whopper, of course, is to show that the Communists built everything from scratch. I'm sorry to report that the square wheels have been withdrawn by Intourist, or more likely, laughed out of circulation by tourists who have more access to the Russian countryside these days.

AT THE INTOURIST office in the Moscow Metropole, I watched a clerk badgering an American for an extra $30 coupon because he wouldn't be leaving until after checkout time. He naturally said he'd bring his luggage downstairs and check it; she still insisted on the extra coupon. It was an ugly moment, but the American won. "Each Intourist office gets as many of these coupons from you as it can," he warned me later. Even thus warned, I had two coupons stolen by one Intourist office—I don't know which—and on three other occasions when they tried I caught them, if you'll pardon the expression, red-handed, and made them give my coupons back. In fine, it's difficult to retain one coupon for each day of your itinerary.

If simple theft won't relieve you of your coupons, Intourist can usually

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Is Privacy a Civil Right?

W. H. VON DREELE

A firefly who liked to flit
Along the garden path, half lit,
Was questioned by a fairy sprite
About his intermittent light.
"It seems to me," the sprite opined,
"You're practically flying blind.
Unless your battery is shot,
May I suggest a 60-watt?"
To this impertinent assay
The firefly responded: "Shay!
My taillight's intermittent glare
Is obviously my affair.
The Constitution lets me blink!
(It happens [hic!] I like to drink.)"

rely, if you'll pardon another expression, on red-tape, to get the job done. Weather delayed my arrival in Yerevan, Armenia by a full day, and I had given Intourist an extra coupon in the last city to cover it. The clerk in Yerevan wanted one too. "You were supposed to arrive yesterday," she said. I wouldn't give it to her, and the tantrum was on.

I kept the coupon, but Intourist Yerevan wasn't through with me. My itinerary called for only a day and a half in Yerevan and I had already lost a day to the weather, arriving late in the evening. Intourist's phone call woke me at 1:30 a.m. "You have to be on the way to the airport to fly to Tbilisi," they said. I refused to budge, partly from exhaustion, partly from curiosity to see what Moscow's inflexible itinerary policy planners would make of it: nothing, it turned out (Yerevan didn't dare cable Moscow to say they couldn't handle me). At last resort, Intourist Yerevan supersaturated the next day's tour with government propaganda, but it was a hollow gesture and I dismissed the surly guide after only an hour.

In the Moscow Intourist office a clerk advised me of the "no smoking" rule. I advised her back that an Intourist employee over there was smoking. She hollered to put it out; he hollered he would when he finished it. The clerk concluded it was all right for me to continue.

Returning from a tour, my Leningrad guide, without asking, directed the driver of my Intourist auto to drive right past my hotel and proceed on to her home, a considerable distance. On another occasion she had the car deliver us to the Hermitage. "If you don't mind," she said, "I'm meeting some friends and won't go in with you. It's easy to find your way back to the hotel. Only five minutes walk." And off she went, in my car, before I could get a word in. That interminable "five-minute" walk particularly endeared her to me.

This girl was unembarrassed about rattling off a series of her most malicious insults, then trying to beg "good books" from me. But there is justice in the Cosmos, which I was privileged to dispense. One day she remarked that she was married to "one of the top five prose writers," and added, after some silence, that an author is not an easy person to live with. "In America," I replied poisonously, "we have an old saying that a true author gets rid of his first wife." It haunted her more than even I could have hoped. She told me a few days later she believed that her time was not far off.

Yelena, my guide in Sochi, was of Mongol-Tartar extraction and reeked of garlic. As gently as I could I mentioned this last, but she denied she ever ate garlic. I sent her home shortly, just as you would have. The next day she confessed that she had had garlic for breakfast in hopes of getting the day off. It must have worked every time she tried it on a tourist.

Intourist's most improbable obstacle to serene touring is plain old free enterprise. "Upon request, an English-speaking guide may be provided to accompany the tourist throughout the itinerary without any additional charge, provided the request reaches Intourist two weeks before the arrival of the tourist," the Intourist pamphlet says. Three of my girl guides pointedly reminded me of this option and added that it really could be arranged in a couple of days. (No, I didn't. I'm camera-shy.) My guide in Kiev told me the fur collar on her coat cost *150 rubles*. She had several others.

NOTWITHSTANDING all, I did meet an American who'd had a male guide, let's say in Samarkand, who was imaginative, informed and who didn't lead him instantly to admire the rows of apartment buildings or the newest statue of Lenin; who made the local history come alive with color and beauty. During his stay, the American saw not one Communist monument. When he left he thanked the guide warmly. "If Intourist learns I didn't show you those things," the guide replied, "I'll be severely reprimanded."

(Continued from p. 352)

rivalry can be resolved, the prospect of handing over to the African majority presents a gloomy prospect of civil strife and general mayhem.

Nevertheless, this must be the lesser of two evils for the whites; but if they must, in Roman fashion, fall upon the sword, it seems unreasonable to expect them to do so with a hearty cheer and grateful thanks to good Sir Alec, smooth Mr. Sandys and genial Mr. Johnson. It would also seem reasonable to expect the Western countries to ease their passing and relieve their pain. Perhaps, if some such positive action were to be taken. Nigerians and others would listen with attention, as well as with their customary courtesy, to Sir Alec's homilies on the virtues of patience. One thing is certain, a decision cannot be much longer delayed, and on its wisdom the peace of Africa may well depend.

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Letter from Latin America

Goulart's Legacy

ROBERT PETER

When President Goulart took office, Brazil stood at the brink of civil war. When he resigned, another civil war was threatening. In between lay a span of time whose full meaning for the country may not be manifest until much later. Parliament and the military had allowed Vice President Goulart to succeed President Quadros with misgivings; indeed, only to avoid the civil war that was shaping up. Nevertheless, he was not allowed to step into the presidential palace until he had agreed to a constitutional amendment that created the new office of prime minister and transferred to it a batch of presidential powers designed to strengthen the authority of the parliament over the executive.

In the following period Goulart proved to be an extraordinarily adroit politician. He began to maneuver his cronies into key positions, and he saddled the new parliamentary system with every unsolved problem, so that there was a general impression that everything would be put in order if only the President regained his former authority. In a subsequent plebiscite, Goulart won by an enormous majority, and the detested parliamentary system was thrown out.

Mishaps there were in abundance. Goulart's high point in office was undoubtedly his official visit to the United States. Janio Quadros had led Brazil, until then Washington's best ally on the continent, down the path of neutralism. Goulart's task was to pacify the U.S. and gain financial concessions while conducting himself in such a way that the wildest nationalists couldn't challenge him. Predictably this ticklish balancing act couldn't last long. Washington's readiness to help hinged on a proviso: that the currency reforms proposed by Celso Furtado be carried out. Shortly after his visit to the United States Goulart permitted the first violation of these plans, and eventually they collapsed entirely.

Inflation raced ever faster, unions demanded hundred-per-cent wage rises, prices went up and currency went down in value. Goulart's reform plans, especially the agrarian reform, got hung up in parliament. He moved ever further to the left; placed men with extreme leftist tendencies into influential positions. The 1963 uprising of sergeants in Brasilia and the 1964 revolt of the marines showed that the subversion of the army and navy had reached a politically dangerous point. Goulart's brother-in-law Leonel Brizola, a prime example of that typically Latin American mixture of nationalism and Communism, demanded the dissolution of parliament and the creation of a people's assembly of peasants, workers, and soldiers. Goulart himself

Goulart

proposed legalizing the Communist Party. Communist leader Luis Carlos Prestes journeyed to Moscow, where he designated Goulart as "the right man." A Left Front was being organized whose victory at the polls was to be assured by extending the franchise to illiterates. Then came the turbulent events of late March and early April that put a term to the presidency of João Goulart.

That Goulart had granted amnesty to the rebellious marines was only the apparent reason for the *coup d'état* by the general and admirals. The real business had to do with warding off an extraordinarily serious danger.

In any sober consideration of the situation it must be admitted that the upheaval in Brazil has only been postponed. Goulart himself was hard to decipher; one never knew with him what was rank demagogy and what was genuine conviction (assuming he had convictions): why he urged agrarian reform while buying up estate after estate, or what other contradictions there were in him. Something has been developing in Brazil that can no longer be overlooked. It doesn't have to do with Communists here, bourgeois there; totalitarians here, democrats there; East versus West; socialism *vs.* the free economy, and such formulations. In quite primitive terms it has to do with a single decisive front: rich versus poor. Millions in Brazil (and elsewhere in Latin America) live in a misery that can hardly be imagined by people in Europe or the U.S. The national wealth is in the hands of a ridiculously small fraction of the population. This small group owns the land, enjoys the income, wields the power. And has not the slightest interest in the unspeakable and anonymous misery of the masses. Although Goulart was a man of the Left, he obviously wasn't the answer so far as the oppressed masses were concerned. His ouster was a popular move, greeted with cheers throughout Brazil. But the problems he failed to handle—and indeed exacerbated—remain and they must be solved. You can run a president out of town; you can exorcise once again the menacing peril of left-totalitarianism; you can maintain the ban on the Communist Party; you can do all that, and more, without finding the answers to the burning problems of the country.

Having succeeded in disembarrassing themselves of one opponent, will the ruling circles in Brazil really strive to go to the roots of the trouble—to understand and try to cure the social, economic and educational ills of the nation even at heavy cost to themselves and their class? The first step, the rooting out of the Communists and the reversal of the Quadros-Goulart rapprochement with the East, is being taken. But it is only a first step. The decisive chapter in recent Brazilian history has by no means come to a close. It has just begun.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Textbooks in Literature Are Dull Dogs

The Council for Basic Education has sponsored a most valuable study of what is wrong with American high-school manuals in literature and composition. It is published by Atlantic—Little Brown, for $4.95; and it is called *High School English Textbooks: A Critical Examination.* The authors are Professors James J. Lynch and Bertrand Evans, of the U. of California at Berkeley.

Kirk

What a painstaking work these two scholars have accomplished! Here, at last, is a standard by which school officials, teachers, school-board members, and parents may judge the anthologies and composition-texts inflicted upon students in nearly every high school.

Rather than review this new book, however, I propose to illustrate in this page the sorry faults of many textbooks in literature by a summary examination of one of them. I have chosen, almost at random, a manual edited by Collette, Cross, and Stauffer, and published by Ginn; it is called, somewhat mysteriously. *Beyond the Seas,* because it has to do, mostly, with non-American themes. It is one of those books which try to "socialize" the student, rather than to "humanize" him.

Pollyanna Approach

The general assumption of the editors seems to be that boys and girls will realize all peoples are nice, if only they read little snippets about them. Though the copyright date suggests that some revision of the book was made in 1955, this text retains the flavor of 1946, when the first edition appeared. One finds a long section, for instance, "The Road to Peace," against war and touching on the Second World War and the United Nations. A facile pacifism and internationalism, ignoring difficulties, dominates this section: "World War II, after all, only a continuation of World War I, must be 'The Last War.'"

There lingers, too, an aroma of the days of Soviet-American Friendship leagues. The first selection in the book is from the late Louis Adamic's *The Native's Return.* In notes, Adamic is described as a man who bettered international understanding, "virile and willing to work." There is no mention that he was a Soviet propagandist in this country, active in the virile work of discrediting General Mikhailovich; nor that he died, under most mysterious circumstances, by his own hand. The selections on the Soviet Union tend to create the impression, though vaguely, that an unselfish new life has arisen out of the old tyranny. Yet from the impressive bulk of Russian imaginative literature, there is no selection included.

For that matter, great writers of any land are few in this anthology. Popular journalists and best-selling recent novelists set the tone. What few good poets slip in are represented only scantly, except for Coleridge, whose "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is printed in full. There is one play, *Julius Caesar,* not much tampered with. *A Tale of Two Cities* is included—but in a version shamefully mutilated. If young people are to acquire a taste for good books, they must read such novels in their entirety, not in abridged versions composed of alternate passages from the original and hasty summaries which seem like captions for Classic Comics.

"In the interest of making *A Tale of Two Cities* more easily intelligible to readers of the present day, irrelevant passages have been omitted, and the story has been simplified. The novel has been cut about one third. Here and there transitional paragraphs have been inserted where omissions occur." So write the editors. But if high school students cannot read Dickens, what can they read? One is left with a thriller about cutting off people's heads.

Room is found in this anthology for Wendell Willkie ("The Republic of Yakutsk," from *One World*), and for the Preamble to the United Nations Charter; but not for Dante, or Molière, or Goethe, or Cervantes. The majority of the writers included are twentieth-century folk; "awareness" and "togetherness" are all. That literature is a great bond linking generation with generation; that it is a principal means for assuring continuity to our civilization—these realities obtain no recognition in the pages of *Beyond the Seas.*

Dickens & the New Critics

Many of the comments and suggestions of the editors are inane. Take this editorial preface to Harry Sylvester's "Going to Run All Night": "But the war is over; wars are over. Yes; yes, we hope so, from the bottom of our hearts. . . . Sit down and listen, really listen, when older brother, cousin, or neighbor at last finds himself able to talk about his experiences." And the editors suggest a project in connection with *A Tale of Two Cities:* "Let the class appoint a committee to trace through the book the various threads of the story." Dickens, all heart and eloquence, to be analyzed by a student-appointed student committee, for his "threads"! We descend into bathos. Great books are not written, or appreciated by committees.

I have endeavored to find some merit in this anthology. But it cannot be commended for the teaching of literature; or for the teaching of current affairs; or even as a collection of entertaining essays.

So read *High School English Textbooks,* I enjoin you. You will discover that the glaring faults of *Beyond the Seas,* far from being peculiar to that wretched anthology, are characteristic of the literature-textbook field. And you may wax wrathful, and inspect your son's or daughter's textbook. I devoutly hope you do.

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When the Big Job Is at Stake

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

There are novels, poems, and plays which do not quite make it as novels, poems, and plays. Yet they are infinitely more rewarding, more valid, and more impressive than the slick and well-made product which observes the Hollywood unities, "packs a wallop," and wins the plaudits of critics who couldn't tell *Oedipus* from apple butter. That this is so makes contemplation of the literary scene a somewhat sorry experience. The "bed to bidet" school almost inevitably triumphs whereas the metaphysical novels of a Charles Williams are remaindered a week after publication.

All of which is an overblown lead into a discussion of two books whose authors never intended them to be competitors for the *Les Misérables* award of the year. The first bumps and starts and bumps again in its course to completion. The second flows like a Ray Noble arrangement, traversing an emotional gamut from A to B with almost no effort and a heightening of tension which the best of the TV writers might envy.

Number One is Henry J. Taylor's *The Big Man.*

Number Two is *Convention* by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II, authors of the runaway best-seller, *Seven Days in May.*

At this point, a *caveat lector.* Harry Taylor is an old friend who has stood like Horatius at the bridge in defense of those conservative ideals which sustain me. Fletch Knebel and Chuck Bailey I have sat with at lunch in the National Press Club's member's bar for many a year. Because of this, I may at once be too easy and too tough on both books. It is much easier to write about the first novel of a Sioux Indian from West Overshoes, Iowa, whose adequate little wine pleases but does not overwhelm.

The Big Man, by Henry J. Taylor. Random, $4.95

Convention, by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II. Harper, $4.95

The storm signals having been run up, let me now say that *Convention* is a book I enjoyed reading once. *The Big Man* I will read again. *Convention* is a fast-moving novel about the mechanics of politics as it is spoken in the quadrennial madness of Presidential nominations. *The Big Man* is about the motives and motivations, the strengths and the weaknesses, the temptations and the salvations of those who are chosen to suffer the indignities of Presidential ambition.

Fletch Knebel and Chuck Bailey have, I am sure, covered more conventions than I, fewer than Harry Taylor. They have employed this knowledge skilfully to flesh a political situation which could never exist but which utilizes all the drama inherent in the power-plays which lead to the choice of a Presidential nominee. Taylor, in plotting his novel, sometimes stretches credibility. But he never rests his case on the gods out of the machine which invade his novel.

His theme, moreover, is one of transcendent importance in this year of our Lord 1964 as the political parties and the nation gird for an unseemly and wonderful battle. Reaching beyond the superficial, Harry Taylor's theme is one to engage a tragedian. What, he asks in his novel, corrupts a man of sensibility and understanding when he seeks the nation's highest office? That corruption destroys principle and compromises the candidate. We need only go back to 1960 and the Republican standard bearer to find the truth of this.

By corruption, I mean the erosion of the human spirit to a point where the beauty of belief is sacrificed to expediency in a ceremony whose significance escapes the man laid bare across the altar. This corruption does not steal money from the public till; it steals soul from the candidate. Every Washington correspondent taller than his typewriter has seen this happen repeatedly. Certainly I have.

CONVENTION is a two-dimensional work—the "Boy Allies in ———" on an adult level and dealing with a situation in which the drama is built-in. It goes forthrightly from here to there, which should certainly be enough. The scene in which the convention votes builds up its own tension and captures the feeling of those minutes which determine the fate of a great political party and perhaps the course of a nation.

But this may be seen on television once every four years. *The Big Man* deals with a moral problem—and one which perforce cannot be pinned down by the cameras and the commentators. Moral problems create people, whereas "well-made" dramas negate them. Not a single character in *Convention* ever escapes his two-dimensional mold. *The Big Man*—for all its failures of style and novelistic accoutrements—reaches down into the gut of people. The "big man" is a composite of Wendell Willkie and of his Republican opponents. But he is also an independent character—in the Dagwoodian sense—and the kind of quasi-tragic hero which this day and age cannot exceed.

Interestingly enough, *The Big Man* begins with the creation—or manufacture—of the Presidential prototype and carries him to the edge of the nominating convention, while *Convention* really starts in that hot-house atmosphere which marks the quadrennial flowering of politicians and newspapermen. Neither book quite realizes that the events incidental to

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naming a candidate have become a function of the news media, rather than vice versa.

In an election year both books have an added poignancy. The basic distinction between them, examined solely as fiction, is this: *The Big Man* is written by a novelist, though he is still an apprentice. *Convention* is written by two able story-tellers. The reader seeking more than entertainment will turn to Henry J. Taylor's book. Even an imperfect view of life is more satisfying than a perfect view of a chromo. I think it is fair to say that both books will give the so-called average reader a better perspective on American politics. Harry Taylor's novel will offer better insights into the nature of political man.

Extrapolating the Zig

RICHARD V. ALLEN

NINETEEN SIXTY-THREE may well go down in history as the year in which more unwarranted assumptions were made about the nature of Communism and its developmental tendencies than in any year since the Bolshevik Revolution. Beginning with the phase of "deceleration" in the wake of the Soviet attempt to penetrate the Caribbean and radically alter the balance of power in this hemisphere, talk about a "community of interests" between the United States and the Soviet Union rapidly began to gather momentum: the U.S. and the USSR have a "common interest" in restraining Castro and his henchmen; the two "superpowers" really have to worry about an ascendant and aggressive Red China, and may (in the not-too-distant future, it is implied) well join hands to prevent this disturber of the peace from expanding; what's more, we and the Soviets are heading for the same ultimate goal anyway, and will probably "converge" at some point down the road. It all adds up to "*détente*," the fruits of which we are alleged to be reaping now, and which, if it lasts long enough, without being upset by all sorts of "hawks" and "hard-liners," may well signify the "end of the Cold War."

The Realities of World Communism, edited by William Petersen. Prentice-Hall, $3.95

The Realities of World Communism opens with a broadside by Bertram D. Wolfe. "For four and a half decades, statesmen and experts have waited confidently for the Soviet Union to mellow." Pointing out that we deal not with a traditional state, but with a "state-of-siege regime seeking to conduct its own twofold war until it achieves that total victory promised by its ideology," he evokes the image of Lenin's call for "daily, even hourly successes" by stressing that "every negotiation, every issue, every day's session they regard primarily as a move in that irreconcilable conflict." Granting that periods of relaxation of tension constitute a real danger of "spiritual demobilization and ideological disarming" to the Communist movement, Wolfe penetrates to the core of our misunderstanding of Communism: it is the zigs and zags which have "been the undoing of so many of our analysts. They

have extrapolated the zig, prolonging it in a straight line out toward the horizon. Caught in outer space by the zag, they have rushed back to the turning point, only to prolong the zag on a straight line toward the other horizon." This is the perceptive Wolfe at his best.

William Petersen's essay on "Soviet Society Under Stalin" skilfully dissects many of the false images about that period, chief among them the theory that Stalin's personality was the cause of a temporary aberration of an otherwise "humanistic" Communist dictatorship. The "manager theory" comes in for a good drubbing, as he stresses the repeated purges which have been carried out against this "class." While his argument would have been the stronger for emphasizing the recent extensions of the death penalty under Khrushchev, Petersen provides us with a commonsense instrument for measuring the impact of Communism upon the Russian people: "in my opinion the way to measure the effect of Communism on the Russian population is to count the people who were killed."

Gregory Grossman's analysis of the Soviet economy notes that the Western view of "decentralization" in the Soviet economy is false; the net effect of the reorganizations of the past four years has been one of "creeping recentralization." In a really first-rate piece on "Changes and Continuities" since Stalin, Paul E. Zinner puts it quite clearly: Khrushchev is in charge in the Soviet Union, is not threatened by any vestigial "Stalinist faction," and is by no means jettisoning the past to launch a period of "liberalism." For the benefit of those who pooh-pooh the role of ideology and its motive force in the totalitarian state, Zinner explains that "the obliteration of strict divisions of responsibility between Party and government is a conspicuous step toward the withering of the state, intended to make a Marxian prediction, reaffirmed by Khrushchev, come true," and comes up with the sobering prediction that "if Khrushchev succeeds in fusing the country's technical-managerial talent with its ideological élite, he will realize the ideal form of totalitarian party-state more than at any previous time in Soviet history."

Turning to specific areas, there is a survey of "The East European Satellites" by Paul Kecskemeti; a somewhat lengthy but challenging "Communist China—The First Fourteen Years" by Robert A. Scalapino; an understanding overview of "Trade Unionism and the Communists" by John Hutchinson, who has read his Lenin carefully; and a less blunt look at "The Jacobin Left and the Future of the Communists in Latin America" by Robert J. Alexander ("To believe that the various Communist Parties of the area are 'more Latin American than Communist,' or that they are

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'merely agrarian reformers,' is to suffer from a delusion"). Petersen and Zinner then join forces in a 20-page bibliographical chapter, "World Communism: A Reading List for Non-specialists," which is chock full of most of the important literature on the subject.

This is one symposium which lives up to its name: it does in fact detail the *realities* of the Communist system without any hedging. In the preface, Morton Gordon, head of the University of California at Berkeley, complains that "Americans have been getting predigested pabulum from self-professed experts." This book is all Wheaties.

Polished and Robust

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WYNDHAM LEWIS wrote gracefully at all times, a graceful, rich, straightforward *English* English, always precise, never pretentious. It gilds even these letters, to which he frankly didn't give a thought. "I never write a letter. So I have twice as many books to my credit as anybody else, that is all," he affirmed in 1938—yet here are 519 specimens, chosen, we are told by his devoted editor, Mr. Rose, from a total of three or four times that number. They are not compositions, however, but ordinary, necessary, personal communications or belligerent letters contributed to controversies in the press. Nevertheless, their style is consistently admirable; an interesting example of style operating in a total vacuum, with nothing whatever of any interest to convey—for what do you and I care about the details of Lewis' minor illnesses, of petty literary quarrels, or complaints of poverty and ill treatment? Nothing at all. And why should we? But invariably the language that clothes these commonplace observations reveals a personality both polished and robust.

The Letters of Wyndham Lewis, edited by W. K. Rose. New Directions, $8.50

The letters are, obviously, a poor introduction to the man. The happy few who already esteem his work will find them valuable, but the ordinary reader would be ill advised to start with this volume if he has not explored Lewis' beautifully written fiction, the novels entitled *The Revenge for Love*, *Self-Condemned*, *Tarr* and *The Human Age* series, or the volume of short stories called *Rotting Hill*. People interested in modern writing should investigate Wyndham Lewis, for he has some claim to be numbered among the very best masters of English prose in our time. Far too little known in the United States, although he was by birth an American, Lewis holds a secure place in the history of contemporary literature, quite apart from anything else he achieved, simply because he brought out in 1914 a magazine called *Blast*. He took the lead, that is to say, among the "men of 1914" whose accomplishment is the most striking in English literature in this century. Those with whom he consorted were Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce and the Sitwell family—the supremely individualistic and, as things have turned out, the supremely triumphant writers of our time. At first they had nothing but each other's encouragement and somewhat jealous, guarded praise; but for decades now they have carried all before them.

These letters are interesting for the knowing comments about these celebrities which they contain—fewer than one might hope for, unfortunately. Still, there is immense commonsense in certain observations he makes about his friends' work. "Mr. Ezra Pound . . . never disguised the fact that he is mainly a translator—an adapter, an arranger, a *pasticheur*, if you like. And Mr. T. S. Eliot has even made a virtue of developing himself into an incarnate Echo, as it were (though an *original* Echo, if one can say that). This imitation method, of the *creator-as-scholar*—which may be traced ultimately to the habits of the American university spellbound by culture—and which academic *unoriginality* it was Mr. Ezra Pound's particular originality to import into the adult practice of imaginative literature—does not appeal to me extremely, I must confess."

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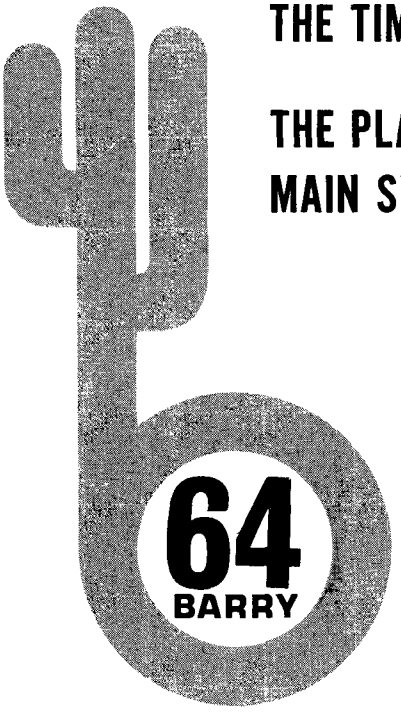

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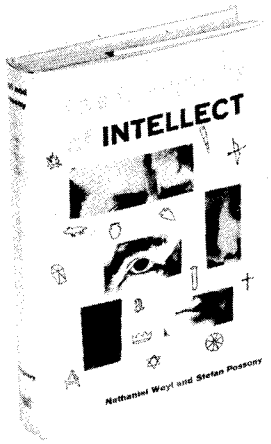

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Books Abroad

● D. H. LAWRENCE: The *Collected Poems* in 2 vols. are due soon from Heinemann (London: 6 guineas the set). Edited jointly by Warren Roberts of the University of Texas and England's Vivian de Sola Pinto, it contains much uncollected and unpublished work, the latter mainly from MSS. at the University of Nottingham (England) and the New York Public Library.

● PROPAGANDA: Peking propagandists have been sending out articles and illustrations to various parts of the world trying to cash in on the 200th anniversary of the death of Tsao Hsueh-chin, author of the novel, *Dream of the Red Chamber* (1791). Not content to let the work speak for itself they underline heavily its "anti-feudal significance."

● EDUCATION: Lecturer and critic Graham Hough of Cambridge (England) in a BBC talk on the problems of teaching English literature in the 1960s: "There is little sense in talking about Milton's Puritan theology to one who has not the remotest conception of the orthodox theology from which Milton is supposed to diverge."

● BREVIORA: Publisher and translator E. V. Rieu, who did so much to popularize the classics after the Second World War, has retired from Penguin at the age of 77. . . . The 1964 Bregenz Festival (Austria) will include a lost play, *El Gran Duque de Gandia,* by the great Spanish dramatist Calderón. . . . Although Conrad Aiken has been publishing verse for half a century, his first Italian book has just been published by Scheiwiller of Milan—a beautiful little bilingual volume, *Mutevoli Pensieri* (L. 1000), with Italian trans. by Nobel Prize winner Salvatore Quasimodo. . . .

● SUCCESS: The 7-year-old Australian quarterly *Quadrant,* which seeks a blend of conservatism with some aspects of non-ideological Liberalism, from now on will be published six times a year (£1.10 Aust. from Box 4714, GPO, Sydney). *Quadrant* has been edited since 1956 by James McAuley, one of Australia's top two or three poets and Professor of English at the University of Tasmania. He will share editing of the new bimonthly with business executive Donald Horne, former editor of the *Sydney Bulletin,* who is writing a book about Australia for Penguin. While publishing roughly the same amount of literary material as before, the editors hope to run more on "current affairs" and to make *Quadrant* "more effective as a journal of comment and reportage over a wide area of intellectual interests."

the cover of three of every four "little" magazines publishing poetry today and printed at least a dozen times, in red letters, inside every college textbook dealing with modern poetry. For young poets and young students of literature should at least have some chance to gain insight into the forces that have so strikingly exalted Pound and Eliot at the expense of all less fortunate men who have at one time or another written English verse. I admire Pound and Eliot greatly; but Lewis does, it seems to me, put them quite calmly in their proper place. And, in the light of the Biblical truth that "every beast loves his like, and every man the one in the next place to him," he illuminates their enthusiastic devotees as well.

Lewis' last years (he died in 1957, at 75) were made cruel by blindness and to some extent by bitterness at the conviction that he was neglected as an artist; but he never wearied in his loyal efforts to obtain Pound's release from the asylum where the poet was imprisoned after World War II. There is a certain amount of Pound's curiously spelt writing introduced into the text here and there, making more understandable both the difficulties his friends had in securing his release from the mental hospital and also Lewis' statement that Pound's influence ("his encyclo-

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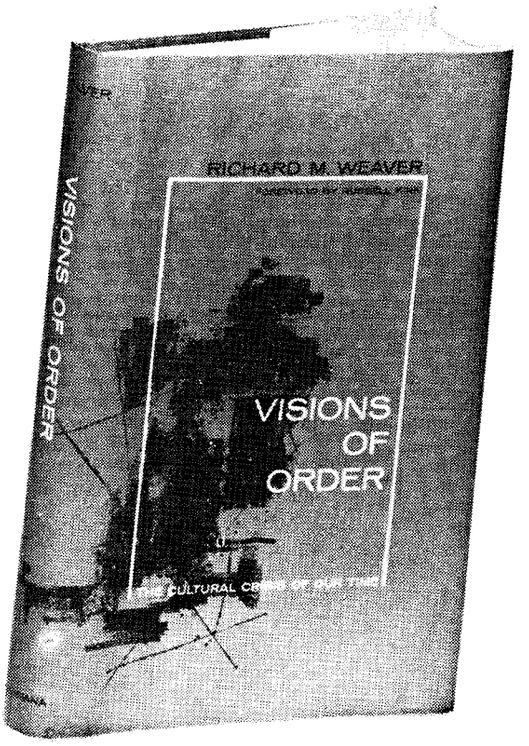

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paedic pretensions and polyglot propensities—and his epistolary style!") must be reckoned with by anybody who would study James Joyce.

The later letters (after 1945), like the *Rotting Hill* stories, offer a pathetic glimpse of an England appallingly broken and destroyed—the dismal reality which Americans, enchanted by the ancient richness of English civilization, seldom suspect and which the plucky, stiff-upper-lip English spirit simply would not admit. Unlike the masses of his countrymen, Lewis lost no chance to complain, and we realize with sadness that his picture, brutally presented, of a desperate and bankrupt nation is the truth which, if it could be cooly ignored, could not be denied.

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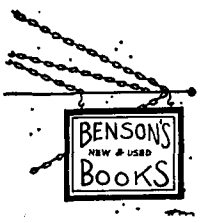
HENRY HAZLITT



THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS has brought out a revised edition of Ludwig von Mises' *Human Action,* first published in 1949. On the inside flap of the paper jacket the Press honors me by printing a sentence from a review I wrote of the first edition in *Newsweek*: "If any single book can turn the ideological tide that has been running in recent years so heavily toward statism, socialism, and totalitarianism, *Human Action* is that book."

But the Press does not honor Professor Mises in this new edition. And it does not honor itself. The new edition is a typographical disgrace.

The 1949 edition was originally priced at $10; the revised edition is offered at $15. Yet qualitatively it is cheaper in every respect. It is full of misprints. On page 322 four lines are omitted. Page 468 is missing altogether. Page 469 is printed twice. On page 563 two paragraphs are transposed. On page 615 eight lines are wrong. The running heads that appeared at the top of each page of the 1949 edition are all gone.

In belated reparation, the Yale University Press has printed errata pages (though they are not bound in). But these make wholly inadequate amends for an inexcusable printing job. On page after page one finds some paragraphs printed in a comparatively light type, and others in a blacker, thicker type that can only be described as at least quasi-boldface. The reader will inevitably assume that this marked contrast is intentional, and that the author meant to give special emphasis to the passages printed in Accidental Bold. Such a misunderstanding cannot be fully removed by the notes on one errata sheet to the effect that the type contrast "has no significance whatsoever for the comprehension of the meaning of the text" and is "entirely due to the method applied in the printing."

I started to note merely the pages on which the contrast in type between various paragraphs was particularly glaring, and got a list of seventy.* I leave it to the Yale Press to explain the technical reasons for the type contrasts. At first I assumed that the *reset* paragraphs were probably the boldface ones. In one or two cases this assumption proved correct. But in most cases it was the paragraphs *unchanged* from the original edition that were in boldface.

I have said nothing about the uncountable instances in which whole pages of quasi-boldface are found opposite whole pages of lighter type. This must irritate any reader sensitive to typographical tidiness; but it is at least less likely to mislead him into supposing that changes in emphasis are intended. What possible human explanation can there be for this typographical botch, which would disgrace a third-rate commercial publisher? Who reads galley proofs? Who saw page proofs? Who let this mess *pass*?

*I call them to the attention of the incredibly myopic proofreaders: Pages 8, 16, 28, 32, 36, 101, 120, 125, 137, 138, 141, 169, 173, 181, 183, 272, 273, 301, 308, 369, 370, 373, 378, 382, 394, 490, 500, 532, 540, 563, 564, 566, 567, 568, 576, 579, 587, 600, 604, 649, 653, 654, 658, 661, 662, 663, 665, 668, 669, 673, 677, 681, 685, 693, 717, 720, 730, 739, 766, 769, 774, 836, 841, 853, 856, 857, 869, 871, 875, 885.

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I asked Professor Mises what light he could throw on the matter. He was able to supply very little, because the publishers had been extraordinarily reticent. It appears that, in order to do as cheap a job as possible, the press had resorted to some mixture of photo-offset and reset never tried before. When Dr. Mises asked for page proofs, they were denied "for mechanical reasons." When he protested, Chester Kerr, director of the press, replied on Jan. 22, 1963: "We are entirely willing to take responsibility for seeing that the new edition of *Human Action* is printed without error. I am confident that you will have no cause to regret not having seen page proofs." When the first copies were sent out to the distributors, the author did not receive one.

The Press has conceded in a letter of Sept. 30 that "the general quality of the work is undeniably below our customary standard." But it apparently does not intend to do anything but go on selling the new edition at $15. The least reparation that could be made, to the author and to the readers of *Human Action*, would be to order the press to start on a new edition immediately (instead of waiting till the present botched edition is exhausted), and meanwhile to sell copies of the present edition at a cut price in candid recognition of their defectiveness.

A final question. Why, in a press that has shown itself capable of producing first-rate work, did this particular book go wrong? Do the present editors of the Yale University Press (who are not those who originally accepted the book) know that this is the most important work on general economic theory that has appeared in our generation? They know it is commercially profitable; they know it sold six printings and brought in revenues from translation and quotation. But if they had any idea of its true greatness, if they even had any real respect for its author and its readers, if they had any respect for their press' own reputation, would they have permitted such a slovenly edition to go out under its imprint?

Movies

Ivan and Two Swedes

FRANCIS RUSSELL

REMEMBERING *Ballad of a Soldier*, and in any case having an a-political weakness for Russian films, I looked forward to my belated viewing of *My Name Is Ivan*. I must say I was disappointed. There is indeed much sombre beauty to it, and often the Russian landscape, even in its devastation, is enchanting, but for all the incidental charm and the incidental reality of the war-horror, the central idea is false.

The story is of twelve-year-old Ivan whose mother has been killed by the Germans in World War II. He has become a spy, gathering information behind the enemy lines and bringing it back across the Pripet Marshes. We are shown him at the beginning making his way through muck and water to his own lines with secret information and demanding to be put in touch with headquarters. There indeed he is treated as a hero —but I could not get over my doubts as to whether any such small boys were playing the role of secret agent anywhere in World War II. Out of a dim past I recalled those Boy Allies books of World War I, where youngsters of Ivan's age made their way (never mind how) to the Kaiser's headquarters and filched the vital papers on which the outcome of the whole war depended. Ivan was just another Boy Ally.

The film is impressionistic—that is, the random scenes must be connected up by the mind of the viewer. *Gestalt* has evidently entered the Soviet Union with the thaw. That love affair between the army doctoress and the young lieutenant I never did get sorted out, although to see her walk through a shimmering birch grove was a delight. In the end Ivan is caught and executed by the Germans, and the final scene shows his life as it might have been —running along the beach with a carefree little girl. The director has obviously seen *The White Stallion* —but he is not up to that level yet.

What I like best about Russian

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—Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

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pictures is the incidental glimpses of life that they give, the casual shots of interiors, of crowds, of streets, of stations, the inadvertent giving away of how people live. In these they are much less synthetic than ours are, one reason why in spite of all their naiveté their films are so often better.

A lover and his lass in a Russian film haven't changed much since Shakespeare. As we all know, things are different in that clutch-as-clutch-can land across the Baltic. The Swedish Academy award-winner, *The Doll,* would not make much sense in Russia. Frankly, it didn't make much sense to me in Boston. Why the picture should have been "Banned in England" as proudly announced on the marquee is beyond me unless there is a doll shortage in England. In spite of the claim that it is a classical theme, the picture is really a modernized E.T.A. Hoffmann story. A young Swedish night watchman lives in complete isolation in a boarding-house in Stockholm. In the despair of his loneliness, he finally steals a mannequin from the department store where he works and takes it home with him to pretend that the plaster figure is a real woman to be loved. Finally, in his shabby garret room, the mannequin comes to life. The other boarders become aware of her, and the end is disaster. One can read all sorts of symbolism into it, but I can't say I found much in this old theme, even admitting that the theme fitted into its setting with remarkable ease. Apparently even in Sweden—quintessence of the welfare state—there are substandard quarters and men living marginal existences. And love-making is conducted on an entirely different plane from the reticences of Russia.

INGMAR BERGMAN'S *The Silence* seemed to me pretentious, the sort of thing that lends itself all too easily to the language of literary analysis without thereby becoming much more significant. Its three principal characters — a woman in her thirties, her younger sister and the sister's son—are scarcely defined as they travel through an unknown country in the compartment of an unknown train with the only other passengers two vague men in unrecognizable uniforms. Because the older sister is ailing the three stay overnight in an unknown city in a

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Tabloid Universe"

"Rosalyn Drexler is a lightning creator. Painting, sculpture, literature leap from her like tongue-flicks from a chameleon. A robust girl in her middle 30s, her young Medea face has seen a lot, including a youthful tour as a lady wrestler ('It was one way to see the country'). This week she has something of a hammerlock on New York's avant-garde, with a show of new paintings at the Kornblee Gallery and her first play (with music) opening at the enterprising off-Broadway Judson Poets' Theater."

From a recent Newsweek Art column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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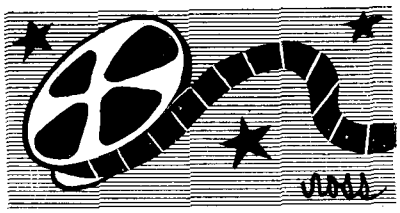
vast empty de luxe hotel of Edwardian décor.

Between the two sisters there is hate, also undefined. The older sister is drawn physically to the younger, the younger is drawn physically to the streets. She goes alone to a café across from the hotel, then to a smoky variety theater where couples make animal love in the shadows while a troupe of dwarfs goes through its gyrations on stage. The first man she finds she takes, bringing him back to the hotel and forcing her sister to watch their love-making

Meanwhile the small boy in his innocence wanders through the corridors of the hotel with his cap pistol. Tentatively he makes friends



with the old hotel porter, the one visible servant in the establishment. The porter shows the boy pictures of his wife in her coffin. Except for the boy and the two women, the only others staying at the hotel are the theatrical dwarfs, their grotesqueness almost unbearably distorted by the high vaulting corridor ceilings. As a vicious joke they dress the boy in women's clothes. Next day mother and son leave, abandoning the older sister. That is all there is to *The Silence*.

Of course it is beautifully filmed and, it being Bergman's film, each actor dissolves into his part. The sound effects are extraordinarily exaggerated—sounds of washing, of drinking, of breathing, the tinkling vibration of a carafe against a glass, the spitting sound of static electricity as the younger sister brushes her hair.

It is a non-sequitur world. A tank rumbles by below the hotel windows, pauses, then edges its way round the corner, Why, I do not know, any more than I grasp the symbolism—if it is symbolism—of the dwarfs. What is Bergman's message here? Is it Conrad's loneliness of every human soul from the cradle to the grave? Is it Kafka's sense of irrelevant inevitability?

I think myself that with such films the cinema is on its way to be-

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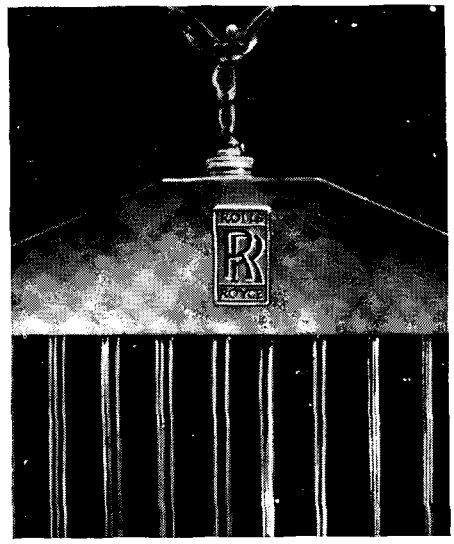

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A piece of the action from Newsweek:

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From a recent Newsweek column.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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WRITE FOR CATALOGS #108 (Libertarian List)
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A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Coup de Disgrâce"

"It was the Paris Opéra, all right, but it looked like something out of the Folies Bergère by way of the Grand-Guignol. Faust was hung up in a geodesic cage, 20 feet above the stage. Mephistopheles effeminately fluttered a bright, purple fan. Hideously deformed gremlins danced the twist on the table during the Last Supper, and Marguerite did a strip. Throughout last week's unveiling of the 'Damnation' as choreographed by Maurice Béjart, the usually staid Opéra audience roared an obbligato of cheers, boos, and cries of *'Vive la musique!'* And when it was over the conductor and the choreographer were not only out of step—they were at war."

From a recent Newsweek Music column.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

coming an abstraction. Time, past and future, disappears, as do scenery, plot, dialogue, leaving behind the film-in-itself. But is it? The difficulty with the theory of abstraction is that it was all neatly torpedoed by Bishop Berkeley almost two hundred and fifty years ago. The essence of a thing is in its qualities and does not exist apart from them. A more homely example is Peer Gynt's onion that when it loses all its superfluous peelings has ceased to exist.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MORE STATELY MANSIONS, by Eugene O'Neill (Yale, $7.50). A stone-dark parable in three acts about the Kingdom of Hell as three members of the Harford family find it in a mid-nineteenth-century Massachusetts landscape. The borders of Simon Harford's world are set by the log cabin, where he has made blueprints for a national Brook Farm, and the city factory, where he gives up Rousseau and Andy Jackson for Adam Smith. The battle within these borders has its symbolic soldiers without, in the persons of Simon's mother, whose touch of the poet is blackened by the stain of madness, and his wife, whose self-proclaimed lucidity about life as it is really lived naturally resolves itself into sensuality and acquisitiveness. The Harfords are dreamers all without honesty, but the Father of O'Neill's infernal land is less the Father of Lies than the Father of Greed. Possession of goods is merely the shadow of possession of one's fellow man, and the play is long in its examination of the infinite, minute implications of human rapacity. In the twilight before the defeat of possessor and possessed, O'Neill allows his characters only the vision that at the end of every dream of liberty is the slave who is the self, to whom the master, the self, is enslaved. The Hartfords strive for the antique stature and self-explained significance the author seemed to want for them, but fall short of both and the dialogue comes in ungainly slabs of lumber to be tripped over and wondered at. The play, published as shortened by Karl R. Gierow and edited by Donald Gal-

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lup, was to have been the fourth in the nine-play cycle, *A Tale of Possessors Self-Dispossessed.*

R. BEMIS

THE DOLLAR CRISIS, by Nasrollah S. Fatemi, Thibaut de Saint Phalle, and Grace M. Keeffe (Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, $8.95). This, the first volume in a series of studies projected by Fairleigh Dickinson, has much to offer. More than a hundred statistical tables tell the story of the United States balance of payments, the gold flow, productivity in various countries—and much of the technical information is, as far as I know, attainable only with great difficulty elsewhere. However, the tentative conclusions presented by the authors appear to do little justice to the brute information displayed. There is not a single reference to United States labor union practices. The responsibility for our international deficit is placed, almost arbitrarily, on our maintaining military troops abroad. One fleeting remark at the back of the book touches on the quantity of our exports derived from foreign aid grants "tied" to United States production. These are, of course, unsettled and unsettling questions, and one hopes that the next volumes in this series will latch onto them in earnest. In the meanwhile, for anyone who is interested in where the goods went, where the dollars went, and where the gold went, this first volume offers an abundance of unusual information.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

MODERN WARFARE: *A French View of Counterinsurgency*, by Roger Trinquier (Praeger, $3.95). Vietnam expert Bernard Fall, in a glowing introduction, puts the stamp of authority on this author's views and he tells us that Col. Trinquier has *proven* them—by successfully operating 20,000 counter-guerrillas behind Viet Minh lines in Laos and South Vietnam in 1952-3 and by obliterating the FLN terrorist organization in Algiers in 1957. Trinquier, in the three major sections of his book ("Preparation for War," "The Conduct of the War," and "Carrying the War to the Enemy"), stresses these points:

1) Support from the local populace is *the one absolute criterion* for success (outright loyalty is best, but ruthless counter-terrorism will easily net a similar result).

2) Since, in our age, diplomatic and/or military aggression against enemy "privileged sanctuaries" will result in international condemnation, these sanctuaries must be rendered useless through "modern warfare" tactics—a politico-military process not yet "codified" under international law and thus officially ignored.

3) Victory requires a physical and psychological readiness in the military, for *protracted* and *bitter conflict.*

4) Victory is only achieved when the *last guerrilla* has been exterminated.

Although Trinquier's style is stilted and graceless, his message is strong and clear. If *Modern Warfare* were bound in Army manual drab—and issued as priority reading to task forces in the Department of State, the President's advisers, and key military chiefs—Roger Trinquier would contribute as much to warfare in the second half of this century as a now very well-known Frenchman did to armored conflict in the first.

J. A. LINEN

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To the Editor

Douglas MacArthur

Your editorial tribute to General Douglas MacArthur [Apr. 21] is the finest I have read. You have managed to capture the true greatness of this remarkable man—this giant whose peculiar destiny it was to have trod an earth peopled with so many intellectual and moral pygmies.

There are thousands of us Pacific veterans—from the President of the United States on down—who will always proudly recall, even when the twilight comes in our own lives, that we once had the honor and the privilege to have served under the command of Douglas MacArthur, General of the Army.

Kingsport, Tenn. WILLIAM F. FREEHOFF JR.

Politics and the Trillings

Mr. G. M. Pepper [April 21] reviews a recent collection of essays by Diana Trilling with general political exasperation towards her and her husband, which is in this case the mark of an outsider (Mr. Pepper has lived in Paris most of his adult life). The Trillings are conspicuous, in their own circles, for a courageous anti-Communism that dates back to a time when it was even more unfashionable than it is today. Although the book of essays apparently does not touch on the livid subject, it is reasonable under the circumstances, I think, for a personal admirer of the Trillings to remark the point.

Stamford, Conn. WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

File Copy

To save wear and tear on San Quentin's lone copy of NATIONAL REVIEW ["Notes and Asides," Apr. 21], I enclose the price of a second subscription.

Baltimore, Md. MARY GRESHAM MACHEN

The Prairies Speak

Your Mr. James Burnham's "Political Notes from the Prairies" [April 7] at first seemed to me, a Nebraskan born and raised, very unfair. But on further reading, it rather seems to me not too well informed.

In the first place you quite properly paid the most attention to the states of Illinois and Minnesota because they have 39 electoral votes. *Both* went Democratic in 1960, but the slim majority in Illinois came from a scandalous situation in the city of Chicago. Minnesota is usually up for grabs.

But Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota with a total of 32 electoral votes all went Republican. *These* are the Prairie States without any big-city vote. Not very important in the electoral college, but filled with people quite capable of thinking for themselves rather than being led by bosses and slogans. For this reason alone I think Mr. Burnham's article rather misleading. It's quite true that often in these states local governmental problems loom larger than federal problems. Why shouldn't they? Isn't the start of good government at home?

The Prairie States have elected strong representatives in the House and Senate. That is as far as they can go for now. Didn't Mr. Burnham sense the frustrations these people feel with our conduct of foreign policy? These particular states (I think) feel they are only a voice crying in the wilderness. Perhaps Mr. Burnham feels he can disregard them but I don't think they should be *misrepresented*. In this connection and in conclusion, it should be noted that these Prairie States have been neither misrepresented nor misunderstood by such people as Dr. Schwarz, L. Brent Bozell and Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Lakeville, Conn. ANN HARDING BUCKLEY

My conservative heart sympathizes with James Burnham's optimism in the face of impending disaster, but his unabashed enthusiasm tends to obscure reality.

Mr. Burnham delivers Minnesota's delegate votes to Barry (hopeful estimates place the number at half); he states that Goldwater has overwhelming rural support (comfortable, not overwhelming); that Goldwater forces staged an eighteen-minute demonstration at the Hennepin County convention (five minutes would be a more reasonable estimate —I was in it); that this struggle "ended in a Goldwater endorsement" (it did not); and that this "endorsement" led to "much bitterness" (if there was any, it certainly was not expressed).

Apparently Liberals are not the only people with their heads in the clouds.

St. Louis Park, Minn. TERRY BASFORD

Regarding your article "Political Notes from the Prairies," Mr. Burnham states, ". . . there was a sharp struggle that ended in a Goldwater endorsement, but left much bitterness." This statement concerning the Hennepin County (Minneapolis) Republican Convention is false. In addition I, as a delegate to that conven-

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tion, will personally state that no Goldwater endorsement was passed.

Minneapolis, Minn. PAUL J. MCDONALD

The Magnificent Scranton

Mr. M. Stanton Evans' April 7 hatchet job entitled "The Sudden Magnificence of William W. Scranton" is a dramatic example of the extent to which a man must go to attempt to ridicule Bill Scranton. It is also a forthright example of the difficulty one has if one tries to prove Bill Scranton is, in the common political colloquialism, a "Liberal."

An objective analysis of Scranton, the man and the record, indicates to most people that he has the best chance of being elected President this fall if nominated, and that he would make an excellent President. Perhaps that is why so many Goldwater enthusiasts are thinking of him as an alternate choice should the Senator's candidacy collapse.

Washington, D.C. MARION EDWYN HARRISON

The Where Of It

I had read of troubles in Jacksonville (and with sympathy for those good people), so I was shocked to learn from NATIONAL REVIEW [Apr. 7] that exactly the same events had also taken place in Birmingham.

If NATIONAL REVIEW erred in this news item, Birmingham would greatly appreciate a well-placed correction. We are having enough trouble with the distortions of the Liberal press, so please don't let the conservative and highly-regarded NATIONAL REVIEW compound our troubles.

Birmingham, Ala. AUBREY GARRISON

NR *apologizes for misplacing Jacksonville's recent troubles.* —ED.

The Right to Religion

While there is a good deal in your paper with which I disagree, often violently, there is also matter I just as strongly believe in. Nothing that has appeared on the whole controversial subject of the Supreme Court's anti-religious stand has seemed to me as pertinent as Russell Kirk's comment [Mar. 24]. When he says that a ban on all forms of religious service in the schools inevitably means the turning of the pupils' minds to atheism he comes to the real crux of the matter.

MARC T. GREENE

Providence, R. I. *The Providence Journal*

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S
TRANS-O-GRAM (April 21)

Calvin Coolidge
INAUGURAL

We need not concern ourselves much about the rights of property if we will faithfully observe the rights of persons under our institutions. Their rights are supreme. It is not property but the right to hold property both great and small which our Constitution guarantees.

Mr. Kirk's assertion that the Supreme Court's prayer rulings have denied the American people "the fundamental natural right of religious instruction" and that in the face of "anti-religious state instruction" one hour of Sunday school has no chance to furnish effective religious instruction, troubles me a little.

I know of no judicial preclusion of the objective teaching about religions and their various answers to moral, physical, or intellectual questions. The Supreme Court has merely prohibited religious *worship* in the public schools.

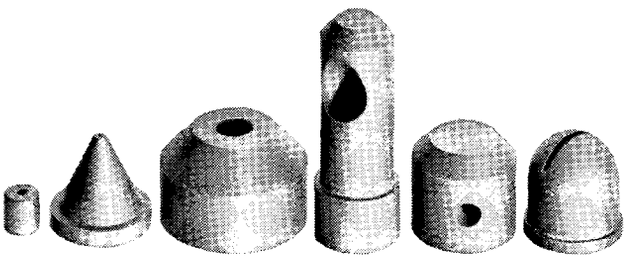
If Mr. Kirk believes that a really meaningful and effective organized worship service can be devised by the public school authorities which will not be offensive to members of some religious sects, then it must be said he is naïve.

If Mr. Kirk believes that the minority should not be allowed to interfere with the wishes of the Christian or Jewish majority on religious matters in the public schools, then Mr. Kirk perhaps believes that one set of religious tenets has more validity than another—unpardonable for a person hailed as contributing respectability to any philosophy.

If Mr. Kirk believes that making these services voluntary ("non-believers" may stand in the hall or in the principal's office) will not foster ridicule, dissension and discrimination, I can only dismiss Mr. Kirk as being incredibly stupid.

Urbana, Ill. WILLIAM M. FREIVOGEL

Russell Kirk's column on religious education reminds me of my own running word-battle with militant separatists who are always trying to represent federal intervention on be-



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Lindenmuller vs. The People,
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half of spiritual illiteracy as some kind of victory over persecution.

A single question may help to bring the whole argument back into focus. *Is there really any difference between an establishment of one faith and an establishment of no faith?*

To an untrained legalistic mind it would appear that the Supreme Court, in the implications of its decision, has more seriously violated the letter of the First Amendment than all the prayers ever prayed by American school children. It has certainly gone further along the road toward an establishment than any authoritative body in the nation's history. It has made the observance of a lack of observances mandatory. In response to a few intolerant voices it has performed the very act of regimentation it professes to be protecting people from, not on a local or a statewide basis, but wherever they assemble as participants of any public institution.

If that doesn't set the Pilgrim spirit moving again, surely nothing will!

Clairton, Pa. CARVER COLLINS

Guns and Butter

Felix Morley's review of *What Is Conservatism?* [Mar. 24] alleges that I might well have titled my chapter "Guns, Not Butter." If that were my point, I would have made it. Isn't it time to graduate beyond the economics of Marshal Goering? It so happens that in 1938 I published a book in which I argued that a free enterprise economy allows the strongest defense. For the record: I believe that, at present, strong defense, economic freedom and "opulence," as well as national and personal freedom, are interrelated. Though these factors may appear to be more or less contrary in the short run, I consider them to be harmonious in the long run; and the Cold War is most definitely a long-pull contest.

Morley classifies me as an "authoritarian conservative" which is false, of course; and he stoops so low as to insinuate that I merely want "to be the person doing the enforcing." As a Christian, I forgive him for this shot — actually, the marksmanship of this devotee of the misquote and opponent of defense is too poor to get excited about.

Stanford, Calif. STEFAN T. POSSONY

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A type of diet	118 34 8 43 50 96 68 63 121
B. Unscramble exam tonic or Mexico tan to get an imposition (2 wds.)	125 143 115 153 154 164 32 166 44
C. Where the sun rises in the Pacific and sets in the Atlantic (2 wds.)	162 175 190 201 6 103 205 2 142
D. To produce a copy of	182 181 97 88
E. A viewpoint (2 wds.)	195 200 113 133 155 165 178 130 188 1 204 10 25 28 57 87
F. A going or coming back	23 5 18 39 137 19 66 172 77 14
G. Airport named for a famous American	53 3 76 13 20 108 4 80 119
H. A small herring-like fish	60 17 191 51 123 174 169
I. Humorous Latin motto (3 wds.)	141 84 202 7 15 59 26 78 41
J. An apteryx	203 16 47 24
K. What senators and representatives do to each other during debate	69 102 11 180 93
L. Street not named for Henry David	79 161 140 120 170 186 147 183 21 126 176 67
M. Where House members deposit their bills	12 71 62 89 168 145
N. To pass, as time	29 99 22 131 160 146
O. It may be lunar or solar	35 72 49 27 114
P. When night clubs operate (2 wds.)	81 38 42 149 91 187 64 167 109
Q. When the senator heard these, he asked, "Do my ayes deceive me?"	83 54 192 151
R. Became aware of	90 61 134 148 184 163 189 173 199 104 144
S. Cure-all	128 98 30 85 132 55 82
T. Signs used to indicate repetition (2 wds.)	138 74 31 94 100 127 45 111 156 193
U. Perch for the cocky (2 wds.)	139 95 86 158 129 196 46 152
V. Uproar	33 65 70 179 159 194
W. One of Longfellow's daughters	52 56 177 105 157
X. Anti-white terrorist society (2 wds.)	73 36 171 197 135 112
Y. Mountain in British Columbia	122 48 116 106
Z. Luci Baines Johnson is one	150 198 117 37 185 101 92 136
AA. English poet (1859-1936)	110 40 124 58 107 9 75

See page 375 for solution of last issue's Trans-o-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 E	2 C		3 G		4 G	5 F	6 C	7 I	8 A	9 AA	10 E	11 K		12 M	13 G	14 F		
15 I	16 J	17 H	18 F		19 F	20 G	21 L	22 N	23 F	24 J		25 E	26 I	27 O		28 E		
29 N	30 S	31 T		32 B	33 V	34 A		35 O	36 X	37 Z		38 P	39 F	40AA	41 I			
42 P	43 A	44 B	45 T	46 U		47 J	48 Y	49 O		50 A	51 H	52 W		53 G	54 Q	55 S		
56 W	57 E	58AA	59 I		60 H	61 R	62 M	63 A	64 P	65 V	66 F	67 L		68 A	69 K			
70 V	71 M	72 O	73 X	74 T	75 AA	76 G		77 F	78 I	79 L		80 G		81 P	82 S			
83 Q	84 I	85 S		86 U	87 E	88 D	89 M	90 R	91 P	92 Z	93 K		94 T	95 U		96 A		
97 D	98 S	99 N	100T	101Z	102K	103C	104R		105W	106Y		107AA	108G		109P	110AA		
111T	112X	113E	114 O	115B	116Y	117Z	118A		119G	120L	121A		122Y	123H	124AA			
125B		126L	127T		128S	129U	130E		131N	132S	133E	134R	135X	136Z	137F	138T		
	139U	140 L		141I	142C	143B	144R		145M	146N	147L	148R	149P	150Z	151Q			
152U	153B		154B	155E		156T	157W	158U	159V	160N	161L	162C	163R	164B	165E			
166B	167P	168M		169H	170L	171X		172F	173R	174H	175C	176L	177W	178E	179V	180K		
181D		182D	183L	184R		185Z	186L	187P	188E	189R	190C	191H	192Q	193T		194V		
195E	196U	197X	198Z	199R		200E	201C	202I	203J		204E	205C						

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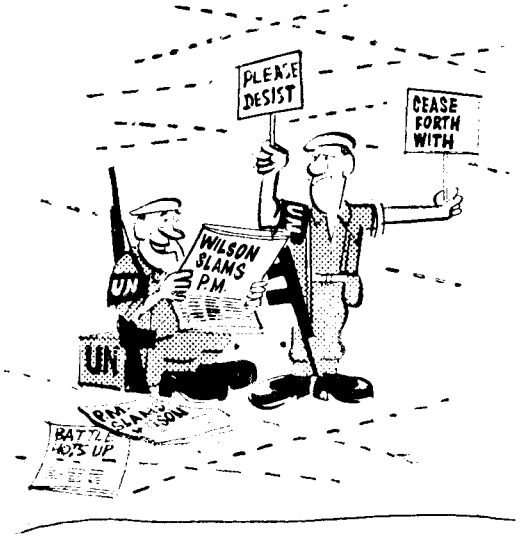
For The Record

Gov. George Wallace wants to rack up more than one million votes in primaries outside the Deep South. Purpose, not only to demonstrate northern and western opposition to Civil Rights Bill, but also to have some say in Vice Presidential choice at Atlantic City. The dates of the primaries to watch are May 5 (Indiana), May 14 (Oregon—write-in), May 19 (Maryland). . . . You'd never guess it from reading Massachusetts press but Sen. Goldwater has outside chance of copping a handful of Mass.'s 34 convention delegates in this week's (April 28) primary despite pressure by Sen. Saltonstall and other GOP leaders for big Lodge vote. . . . Harvard's gift to Modern Republicanism, Advance Magazine (which moved from Harvard to Washington along with the New Frontier), announced last week it was ceasing publication, never having recovered financially from an anti-JFK issue which reached its subscribers Nov. 22.

One effect of anti-Goulart coup in Brazil: the value of the cruzeiro is up. When the banks reopened April 7, the cruzeiro, which had been trading at 2,000 to the U.S. dollar a week earlier, was quoted at 1,300. (When Goulart took office 30 months earlier, it was 300 to the dollar). . . . Hong Kong reports, quoting Russian refugees, say Red China has cleared and fortified a belt twenty miles deep in Sinkiang province along disputed Soviet-Red Chinese border. . . . European intelligence sources confirm U.S. estimate that Russians have failed in at least fifteen tries at placing spacecraft on moon or planets since 1961. . . . Yemen royalists resorting to terrorist tactics in fight against Republican government. Followers of the ousted Iman killed a dozen or more Soviet "advisers" serving with Sallal's forces.

Latest ADA big guns to sound off against stall-ins and other of the more militant Negro civil disobedience tactics are Joseph Rauh, vice chairman of ADA, and Adlai Stevenson. . . . Stevenson boomlet to run for Senate against N.Y. GOP Sen. Kenneth Keating in November has N.Y. Rep. Samuel Stratton worried. Stratton, who has made no bones about wanting nomination, says he's sure Stevenson believes he can do more good as U.S. representative to the United Nations, etc. . . . If Stevenson decides to enter race (primary is just five weeks off) he'll have powerful support of Mayor Robert Wagner, also mentioned as possible candidate.



Waite—Ben Roth Agency

"With any luck we'll all be called home."

House Judiciary Committee reports its mail on various constitutional amendments to permit prayers in public schools is heavier than at any time in last fifteen years with most letter writers supporting prayer. The Committee opened hearings on the issue April 22. . . . Before the Senate Judiciary Committee at the moment is Sen. John McClellan's proposed bill (S. 287) to provide permanent solution to rail disputes through bringing that industry under the anti-trust law. McClellan introduced the measure in 87th Congress and re-introduced in 88th.

Fighting Albania celebrated Nikita Khrushchev's birthday last week by sending him a message withdrawing the freedom of the city (Tirana) it had accorded him in 1955.

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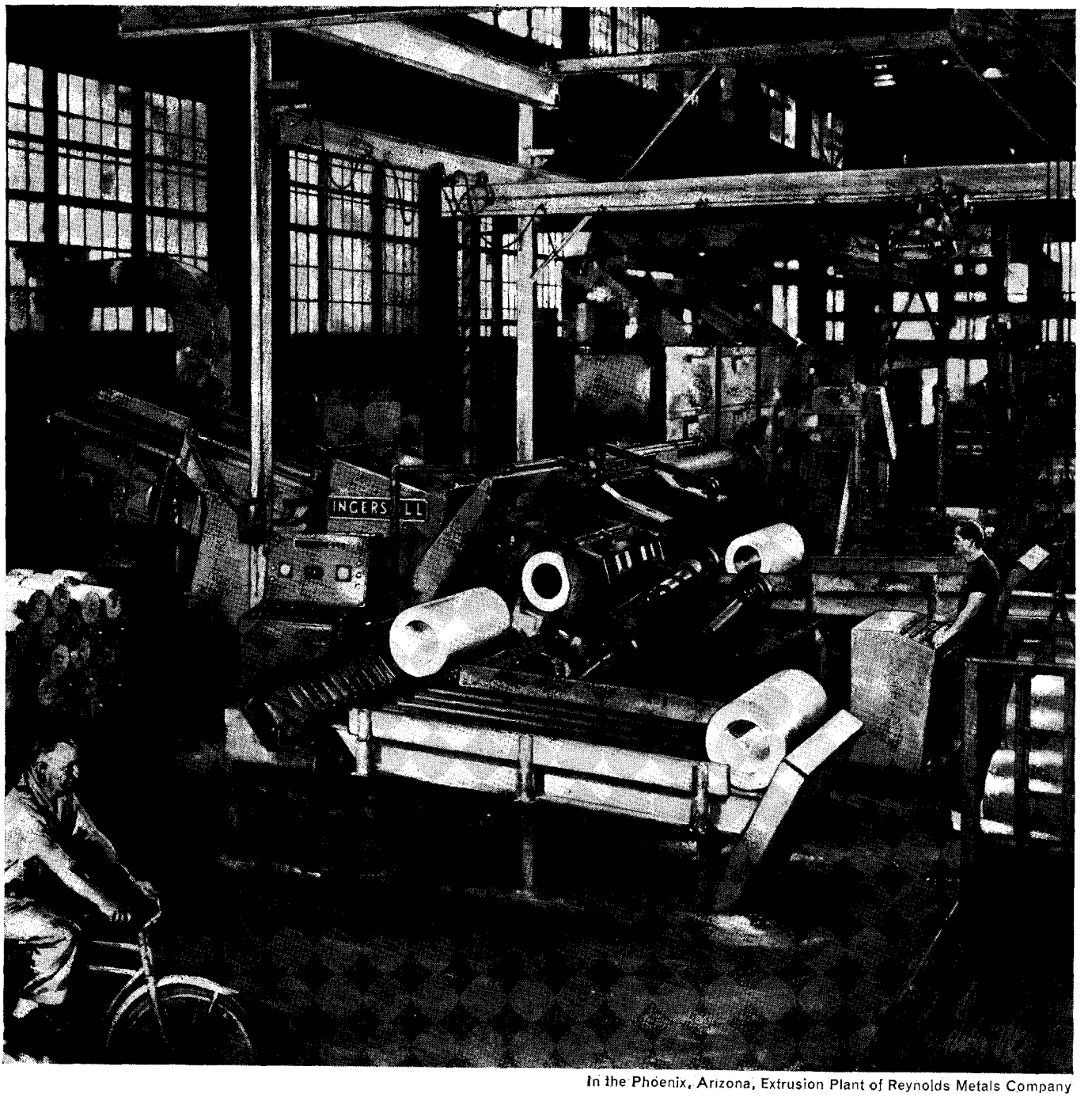

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